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HISTORY

OF THE

NATIONAL CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.

FROM MAY 1848.

BY J. F. CORKRAN, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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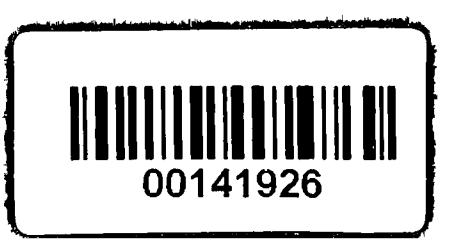

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HISTORY

OF THE

NATIONAL CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.

CHAPTER I.

THE INSURRECTION, SECOND DAY, JUNE 24—THE ASSEMBLY.

THE sitting of the Assembly was resumed a ittle after 8 o'clock. The President stated, that barricades had been raised and fortified in many places during the night; there was no doubt that the struggle would be renewed; nevertheless, he hoped from the concentration of military forces that had been made, especially in the quarter of St. Jacques and in part of the Faubourg St. Antoine, that in a few hours the insurrection would be got under. Having announced the arrival of reinforcements of troops and National

Guards, he proposed that the Assembly should accept a decree, by which the Republic would adopt the children and widows of citizens who had fallen on the 23rd June, or who might yet fall in combatting for the defence of order, of liberty, and of republican institutions. It was unanimously adopted, and the sitting was suspended for half an hour, at the end of which time M. Duprat rose and said—

"It is not in my own name, but in that of several of my colleagues, that I am about to submit a proposition that has been inspired by the gravity of present circumstances. Speeches are idle, when energetic action is required from all corresponding to the salvation and the wants of the Republic. The following is the proposition:—'The National Assembly decrees: Paris is in a state of siege. All powers are concentrated in the hands of General Cavaignac.'"

A sharp and confused conversation followed, which was put an end to by M. Bastide, Minister for Foreign Affairs, who rose and said—

"Citizens! in the name of the country I supplicate you to put an end to your deliberations, and to vote as soon as possible. In an hour, perhaps, the Hôtel-de-Ville will be taken. Such is the report received this present moment."

After this announcement the decree was

adopted; although not without protests and interruptions. The Executive Commission forthwith sent in their resignation. A resolution was passed that a delegation of members should be sent to the head-quarters of the commanding officer, for the purpose of settling the best manner of giving effect to the desires of the Assembly, that their feelings should be manifested to the Garde Mobile and troops of the line. The sitting was then suspended to 1 o'clock.

This morning the inhabitants of Paris had their eyes opened to the character of the struggle which was now fully developed. It was one of those sunless summer days, which weighs upon the spirits and predisposes to gloomy anticipations. Partial rumours were flying about, and for once they could be taxed but with little exaggeration. There had yet been no impediment in the way of free circulation, and the people flocking to the Place de la Concorde, or the quays, could hear distinctly the dull, heavy sound of the cannon on the left bank, followed occasionally by the hoarse roll of falling barricades or perforated buildings. The language heard amongst the better classes of persons was that of sorrow and disgust; very different, indeed, from that surprise, mingled with strange, mysterious expectation with which the public mind had been affected in Feb-

ruary. By-and-bye Commissaries of Police were seen in all directions, announcing the decree, by which Paris was declared in a state of siege, in virtue of which all persons were ordered to return to their homes, with injunctions on no account to stir abroad. The thoroughfares were soon afterwards occupied by National Guards, and no one in the dress of a civilian could walk ten paces without being accosted, and challenged as to his place of residence, to which he would be imperatively ordered to return, escorted from man to man until he entered his door. By degrees these measures of precaution became more and more strict. Females had been arrested bearing communications in their hair, and even ammunition concealed under a variety of forms. In the linings of carriages seizures had been made. There was a suspension of funerals, notwithstanding the season, on account of burials being simulated for sake of forwarding munitions of war to the rebels. Men even feigned to be wounded, the better to effect the same object. Hawkers of lemonade, and other cooling drinks, were seized on suspicion of vending poisonous drugs to the National Guards and soldiery. Signals and lights had been observed in windows, and in consequence of these grounds for suspicion, not only people could not stir out of doors,

but they were forbidden to approach their windows; and the window-blinds were ordered to be thrown back, lest some spy should be making observations, or assassin meditating his aim. The ear was then obliged to do the office of the eye. There was something very sad in the midday silence of a usually animated city—such silence as resulted from the forced stoppage of its business and out-door life. It was much more sad, when the eye, forbidden to scan the outer aspect of things, the ear took up the low-toned conversations of the National Guards on duty—the challenge to the passengers—the momentary investigation, and often the arrest and conveyance to the next post; or a carriage rapidly approaching was stopped with a menacing command, and after a long interval, the rapid renewal of its journey told it had been liberated, or its slow, that it had been arrested, and was in the act of being conducted to a gaol yard. The marching of troops, the clattering of dragoons, the lumbering roll of artillery and munition waggons, told their own story. Then the communication within-doors, the crowding of the domestics of the numerous families that fill a large French house, and the repeated scraps of intelligence brought by such indefatigable agents from that invincible reservoir of intelligence—the porter's lodge. As usual

with people in that class, it was the horrible that prevailed. Now, it was the story of a woman caught doing some act of cruelty such as could be imagined only by an apostasy from her sex; then, it was a Garde Mobile borne by, whose limbs had been cruelly mutilated. The reports of artillery were deafening, harrowing, or mysterious, according to points of distance. Such was Paris in one of its aspects, from the time the state of siege was put into execution, until the Faubourg St. Antoine had fallen.

The military operations of the 24th opened on the left bank, with the attack on the Panthéon, conducted by General Damesme. Those who have visited this superb building, designed for a Christian temple, turned into a Pantheon, then restored to its pristine use, then deprived of all earthly use whatever—a monument of change, ending like every such change, in sterility—know that it is approached from the Faubourg St. Jacques by a short wide street, the Rue Soufflot. All do not know, however, that there had lately been pierced a new street opposite to the old, extending to the Rue de la Harpe, a circumstance which favoured General Damesme's attack. Having collected his forces in this new street, Rue Nouvelle Soufflot, he opened from thence his artillery on the bronze gates of the no longer sacred temple. Fifteen

hundred insurgents were stationed at different parts, high and low, and their firing, as well as that of the assailants, enveloped the façade in smoke, pierced at each instant with red flashes of musketry. The head of a colossal model of the Republic, taken off by a ball, fell ominously just before the needful breach was made. The brazen gates yielded after an hour's time to the knocks of war, and the General in command ordered his soldiers to advance under cover of the houses; while, discarding his precept so far as it concerned himself, he rode up the centre of the street, exposed to a storm of musketry. At this time the building called l'Ecole de Droit, commanding the entry of the Panthéon from the north-west angle of the square in which the building stands, was in possession of the Garde Mobile, who by their fire covered the advancing party, who had to climb over a high railing, and break the *grille* before the soldiers could enter. It was entered at length, and found evacuated. Within the building they discovered the headless trunks of five prisoners, the heads having been cut off by a man disguised in woman's clothes. Officers were found hung in the caveaux; and these dead witnesses conveyed a notion of the doom that awaited the city, should the savage insurgents establish their Red Republic.

While General Damesme was seizing the great fortress of the insurrection, General Duvivier was executing a work of no less importance. The insurgents, beaten from the lower part of the Faubourg St. Jacques, took up a position in the Place Maubert, in which terminates a narrow straggling street, descending from the left side of the Panthéon, called Rue de la Montagne Geneviève. The street which connects the lower part of the Faubourg St. Jacques with this place is the Rue Galande, and at the top of this street, at the other side of the faubourg, and close to it, is the Church St. Severin; so that the base of a triangle, of which the Panthéon may be supposed the head, would show a strongly-barricaded and fortified church at one end, the Place Maubert on the other, with the narrow intervening streets, Faubourg St. Jacques and Rue Montagne St. Geneviève. The insurgents, when beaten out of the Panthéon, attempted to fall back on the latter street, under the idea no doubt that their rear was well protected. But at this time a tremendous battle was fighting in the Place Maubert, which, with the barricades of the adjoining streets, possessed a small strong-built corps de garde in the centre. The Place resisted the Garde Mobile for an hour and a half, and was only taken after great loss of life. The gallantry

of the Garde Mobile shone here most conspicuously.

These important advantages were quickly communicated to the Assembly.

The suspended sitting was renewed at a quarter past 1 o'clock, when the Minister of Finance rose and stated that it was not true, as reported, that the National Assembly had been stripped of the troops necessary for its defence. He then announced that although the fighting on the part of the insurgents was proceeding with the greatest energy, yet the latest news was most satisfactory. The Place Maubert had been taken by the Garde Mobile, as well as the barricades of the neighbouring streets by the Garde Mobile and troops of the line, and the insurgents driven towards the Home Depôt and the Rue St. Victor. The Hôtel-de-Ville was covered by fourteen battalions, commanded by General Duvivier.

The sitting was again suspended, and was renewed in twenty-five minutes, when the President rose and delivered the following communication:—

"Citizen President,—I have the honour to announce to you that the Panthéon has just been taken, after a sharp cannonade. The citizen Boulay (de la Meurthe), who has just entered at

the head of a column of troops of the line and of National Guard, has been good enough to make me the instrument of this communication.

"DOZERY,
"*Pupil of the Normal School.*"

The President continued,—"I have to announce to the Chamber at the same time that the barricade raised at the Place Maubert has been completely destroyed."

The sitting was then suspended, and renewed at forty minutes past 1, when some information was given of the state of things in the neighbourhood of the Temple. The insurgents had been driven out of the Rue du Temple into the Rue de la Corderie. After this had been mentioned, M. de Dampierre stated that he had just learned from a colonel who had arrived that moment from the Panthéon, that 1,500 insurgents had then laid down their arms. The sitting was again suspended.

At half-past 2 o'clock the Assembly resumed, in order to receive a communication from M. de Beaumont (de la Somme). He stated that he had been at the Hôtel-de-Ville in communication with General Duvivier at the moment the attack was making on the Place Maubert. Before he left, it was known that the barricade had there

been taken. several insurgents had presented themselves to General Duvivier with offers to lay down their arms on conditions. The General had explained to them what was the expressed will of the National Assembly and of the Executive, and they left with a promise to repeat what they had heard, and seek to induce their comrades to lay down their arms. Citizen Boujean recounted a trait of heroism on the part of an old soldier, in whose arms his son, already wounded, had been shot dead, on which the father called out his second son, and gave him the musket of his brother who had just been killed. The name of that heroic citizen was Leclerc. It was stated by another member that on the barricade of the Place Maubert was seized a drapeau, on which was inscribed, "13*e barricade des ateliers nationaux, école centrale.*" In the midst of this drapeau was a bonnet rouge, on a white ground. Some satisfactory information was given with respect to the faubourgs on the right bank, where General Lamoricière commanded; and after a declaration from the Ministers that they only consented to hold the posts to which they had been appointed by the Executive Commission of Government, now dissolved, until the danger was over, the sitting was suspended.

We must now return to General Damesme.

We left that gallant officer in possession of the Panthéon, and of the head of the street Montagne de la Geneviève, the other end of which was also in the hands of the troops: while he left to Colonel Thomas the care of following up advantages on this side, he turned to the right into the Rue de la Vieille Estrapade, of which the Rue de Fourcy is a continuation into the Rue Mouffetard, better known to the students of the first great revolution as the Faubourg St. Marceau, at all times the wickedest and most miserable quarter of Paris. Having taken some barricades, he was stopped by one at the Rue de Fourcy, and an impression having been made on it by cannon, he ordered the company of the Garde Mobile to take it with the bayonet. As their ardour did not appear equal to his own, he impatiently called on them to advance with more speed, and accompanying the word with a soldier's action, he received a wound that proved mortal: the command then devolved on Colonel Thomas. This deplorable event took place about 2 o'clock, but not until the gallant soldier had struck a decisive, although unhappily not yet final blow at the insurrection on this side. In the evening General de Bréa was charged with the command that had been held by the brave Damesme. On receiving this appointment from

General Cavaignac, which seemed to be gratifying to the feelings of the veteran, he predicted that the day following, being that of his fête—for it was the festival of St. John, after whom he was called—would bring him success and happiness. Having followed up the advantages gained by his predecessor, and continued by Colonel Thomas he made arrangements to give, the next day a final blow to the insurrection. His prediction was unhappily for himself not to be verified, for the greatest stain of all the stains on that insurrection is connected with the fate of this gallant old man.

The Assembly continued to meet from time to time to receive communications, but none were of marked importance until the resumed sitting of 9 o'clock, evening.

We have now to consider the operations of this day on the right bank of the river. General Lamoricière had, on the evening before, as has already been described, cleared the Faubourg St. Martin, and even the Faubourg St. Denis, while General Cavaignac had by his successes on the Faubourg du Temple prevented the insurgents from carrying assistance to their allies, and of acting on the flank of the gallant Lamoricière. The latter had not sufficient forces at his command to watch the whole of the large

line committed to his care, and in the morning the three barriers, Rochechouart, Poissonnière, and St. Denis, were found to be turned into powerful citadels. It becomes necessary now to describe this ground, in order to show its formidable character. The barriers Rochechouart and Poissonnière are at the top of the same street, and St. Denis at the top of the faubourg of the same name; both are very steep and precipitous. These barriers are quite close to each other, and a little way further on towards the west is the barrier of Montmartre, overlooked by the great hill of that name. Between the barrier of Poissonnière and St. Denis there is, of course, the barrier wall which runs here to the extent of about half a mile. On the Paris side of this wall is a piece of what would be called waste ground, only that it was now being turned to the noblest of purposes, being the site of an hospital in course of construction, which was to have borne the name of its munificent founder, Louis-Philippe. This piece of ground, called the Clos St. Lazare, was enclosed on all sides: on the north by the barrier wall, on the east by the *débarcadère* of the Northern Railway, on the west in great part by the houses in the Faubourg Poissonnière, and on the south partly by an old wall, with the spaces connected by barricades or boards. The Church St. Vincent de Paul,

which the reader recollects to have been described as situate in the Place Lafayette, the scene of a battle on the evening before, had its rise towards the centre of the southern wall, from which it was separated by a short street.

The reader will now understand the importance of the combats in this quarter the evening before, and how necessary it was to clear the approaches to the Clos St. Lazare, which was to the insurgents on the right bank what the Panthéon had been on the left. The Church of St. Vincent de Paul, which had been in the hands of the insurgents for some time, became now the head-quarters of General Lamoricière. This Clos St. Lazare was a most powerful position. It was covered, as we have said, by buildings on the east and west side. The entry was defended by a wall which was pierced with loop-holes, through which the defenders could shoot down the soldiery. When entered, the obstacles to military operations were very embarrassing, for the ground was covered with blocks of stone in course of being cut and prepared for the half-built hospital in the centre, and were so scattered, as to oblige the soldiers to separate as completely as if they had to scale a mountain, exposed to the fire of the insurgents concealed behind these blocks, or protected by the central building. This was not all. The

barrier wall was itself pierced from the outside throughout its whole extent, and from behind this cover the insurgents could fire deliberately through the loop-holes without fear of danger. A flanking fire could also be kept up from the houses of the faubourg, while the stone building at the barrier which forms the offices of the octroi collection, was filled with marksmen. The Faubourg Poissonnière itself, between the Rue Lafayette and the barrier, was powerfully barricaded, as well as the streets running laterally into the Rue Rochechouart; and as the force under the command of General Lamoricière was far from being sufficient for a general attack on all points, the day of the 24th was devoted principally to the clearing of the barricades in the neighbourhood. It was not until 6 o'clock in the evening that the barrier of Rochechouart was taken; but it was restored in the night. It was there that one of the leaders, the editor of the journal called "Père Duchesne," fell. He had ensconced himself in an angle in which his person was completely protected; and he had persons employed to load his muskets quickly that he should not lose a moment of time. Being a skilful marksman, he had shot down a vast number before he received his own death-wound. The cambric shirt under the blouse of the workman, and the varnished

shoes, excited attention and established his identity.

While the combat raged here all day, the barrier St. Denis at the east end of the barrier wall and the faubourg, was the scene of no less severe fighting, which terminated in the success of the troops and National Guards towards evening, but not until General Bourgon was killed. General Korte was wounded as well as a Colonel of National Guards. While the fighting was proceeding on both flanks of the Clos St. Lazare, the great barricade of the Faubourg du Temple, that had the evening before defied the efforts made against it, yielded at length to a fresh attack. The bridge over the canal of which we have spoken, was held by troops. This canal proceeding westward, takes a bend a little higher up, and bisects another street, that of Grange aux Belles; it then continues a course parallel to that of the Faubourg St. Martin, from which it is separated by a fine hospital and some intermediate streets; and thus formed an obstacle to the troops. While they were holding the faubourg at the bridge, a party of insurgents took up a position at the west side at the corner of the Rue Alibert, and from behind a barricade were shooting down the soldiery, when they were perceived by the National Guards in the Douane at the opposite side of the canal, who

began to exchange shots with them. The insurgents then threw themselves into a great salt store, from which they had to be dislodged by cannon.

While the Faubourg St. Denis was thus made to cause a diversion in aid of the insurgents in the Faubourg Poissonnière, holding the Clos St. Lazare and the Faubourg du Temple with the adjacent neighbourhood, giving work enough to save the flank of the Faubourg St. Denis, there was a base given to the insurrection on the Faubourg du Temple by the barricades in the Rue du Temple, separated from the faubourg by the intersecting line of the Boulevards, and the streets on all sides of the ground where the Temple itself once stood—the Temple from which Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and the saintly Elizabeth, were taken to death,—all that ground was the scene of severe fighting. The lower part of the Rue St. Martin, especially about the Cloître St. Méri, the theatre of the famous republican movement of April 1834, maintained its insurrectionary reputation. The Rue Rambuteau, which runs from the Marché des Innocens, had to be attacked by cannon. Some barricades in the neighbourhood of the Place de la Bastille were destroyed; and the Church of St. Gervais, immediately behind the Hôtel-de-Ville, and

forming the citadel of the Rue St. Antoine, or rather advanced redoubt against that point of all the insurgents' efforts, was retaken by cannon.

Thus at the close of Saturday evening, the second day, it was clear, that although the troops had had considerable successes on all points, there was no certainty, notwithstanding the continuous arrival of reinforcements, especially of National Guards, that advantages of a decisive kind could be obtained the following day. The Clos St. Lazare was in the hands of the insurrection; the neighbourhood beyond the wall from Montmartre to La Villette, a town beyond the Barrier St. Denis, was disaffected. In La Villette there had been sharp fighting. The Faubourg St. Antoine had not been even molested. The dangerous neighbourhood of Popincourt, between the Faubourg du Temple and that fortress of the insurrection, was still barricaded. The Rue St. Antoine descending to the Hôtel-de-Ville, was barricaded throughout, and every house a fortress, with the exception of those parts about the Hôtel-de-Ville in which it merged, and which were cleared; that immense street was a defile of the most formidable character in the hands of the insurgents. Their formidable positions on the left bank of the river had been carried, it was true, but there still remained much to be done.

The barriers, from that of St. Jacques to the main entrance of the Garden of Plants, were occupied by the insurgents, who were able to communicate by the bridge of Austerlitz with the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Such being the state of things, it will cause no surprise that, notwithstanding the public character of the communications made to the Assembly, the *situation* was looked upon by the head of the executive power to be so critical and full of peril, that he thought it his duty, in his anxiety for the safety of the Assembly, to suggest the question, whether it ought not to remove to Versailles or some other town. The Assembly had, however derived encouragement from the arrival of reinforcements, the advantages already gained, the devotedness shown by the National Guards, whose enthusiasm was now kindled, the fidelity and wondrous bravery of the Garde Mobile, and the honourable apprehension that the departure of the Assembly might cause a fatal panic. It was nevertheless the duty of General Cavaignac to leave to the Assembly the right of forming such a decision, and to disengage himself from responsibility by an exposure of the true position of things.

As the fidelity of the Garde Mobile proved in fact the salvation of Paris, it is with pleasure I remember having had the good fortune to see

Hyacinthe Martin that evening accompanied in triumph to the Assembly. This lad, a tall, fair stripling of eighteen, had mounted a barricade in the Rue Menilmontant, a short street, fatal to Jean Jacques Rousseau, who did not recover his fall while descending it. But however fatal to the precursor of the first revolution, it was glorious to Hyacinthe Martin. Amidst a shower of bullets he carried off the flag of the insurgents, which I saw perforated with balls. By leave of Lamoricière, the hero was sent with the flag to General Cavaignac at the Assembly, who borrowing from General Charras his Cross of the Legion of Honour, placed it on the bosom of the brave youth. "Oh, how happy it will make my father!" was the touching observation of the gallant Mobile.

The official communication made by the President of the Assembly at the resumed sitting at 9 o'clock was, that the Faubourg St. Jacques had been disengaged. He had just received dispatches from General de Bréa, that the Faubourg St. Marceau had also been reduced. The barricades in the Rue Mouffetard, behind the Panthéon, had been taken, and *reconnaissances* pushed as far as the Garden of Plants. With regard to the Hôtel-de-Ville, General Duvivier, although he had from twelve to thirteen battalions at his disposal,

and eight pieces of cannon, could not fully obtain the results he desired. He had however not only maintained his position, but had gained ground. As to General Lamoricière, commanding the third column, he had, wherever it was possible for him to bring on an engagement, obtained complete success. The Faubourgs St Denis, St. Martin, and Poissonnière, had been cleared to within short distances of the barrier, and the circulation in the most important parts of the faubourgs was clear. There was one point against which operations could not be vigorously carried —the Clos St. Lazare. The struggle was still going on, and force could not be brought to bear upon it until other points were completely secured.

Two barricades yet remained unattacked in the Faubourg du Temple, the troops being fatigued; but they would be attacked at daybreak next morning. M. Gerard stated that General Lafontaine had been obliged to yield his command on account of a wound received that morning at the last barricade of the Rue Faubourg St. Denis. His wound was not however very serious. The President resumed by reading a communication from the Prefect of Police, that the barricade raised at the Cloître St. Méri had been taken. The insurgents and the Garde Répu-

blicane, who had taken it, had on each side considerably suffered. All the communications in the Faubourg St. Martin and near the barrier were well guarded. The artillery was pointed on the Chaussée, but the fighting continued near the Northern Railway. The Assembly then adjourned its public sitting to the next morning. What passed afterwards, and which was regarded as private, has already been stated.

CHAPTER II.

THE INSURRECTION, THIRD DAY, JUNE 25—THE ASSEMBLY.

THE plan of operations for Sunday was clearly comprehended. It was considered that, owing to the advantages gained the preceding day, and with the reinforcements that had arrived, General Lamoricière would be able in the course of the day to make a successful assault on the Clos St. Lazare—the great impediment to his marching on the flank of the Faubourg St. Antoine. While General Lamoricière would be thus operating with a view to a flank attack, General Duvivier would ascend from the Hôtel-de-Ville through the Rue St. Antoine to the Place de la Bastille, so as to assault the Faubourg St. Antoine in the front, which by the combined operations of the two

Generals would be thus completely invested. In order to cross the right flank of General Duvivier it was arranged that General Négrier should advance by the quays of the right bank of the Seine, which from the Hôtel-de-Ville bend towards the Place de la Bastille, the general place of rendezvous, and run almost parallel with the Rue St. Antoine, with which the quays are connected by intervening streets. General Duvivier, owing to the advantages gained in the lower end of the streets immediately above the Hôtel-de-Ville on both sides of the quay, as well as to the liberation of the Faubourg St. Jacques and all the neighbourhood from the Panthéon to the quays, was relieved from all apprehension of an attack on his head-quarters, and left free to pursue his course through that Khyber Pass—the Rue St. Antoine. While General Négrier secured his right flank by his parallel advance up the quays, his left had been disengaged by the successes obtained the previous day about the Temple and between the Temple and the street through which the decisive advance was now to be made. In the mean time it was reckoned that General de Bréa, having disengaged the Garden of Plants and the barriers on the exterior boulevards, would be able to reach the opposite side of the Pont d'Austerlitz, which connects the front entrance of

this garden with the quays by which Négrier was ascending, so that both should advance up the small piece of canal which leads from these quays to the Place de la Bastille, and which is called the Boulevard de Bourbon. By this combination, should it be crowned with success, the insurrection would in the course of the day's operations be enclosed within its great base the Faubourg St. Antoine. The day did not open auspiciously, for at the early hour of 7 o'clock General Duvivier received a ball in the ankle, of which he afterwards died, and the command devolved on General Perrot. Nor was the Assembly without taking its share in the measures that were to determine the operations of the day. As became a constituent body appointed to lay the foundation of permanent, or presumed to be permanent, institutions, and to secure them by moral guarantees, it resolved upon an immediate vote of three millions of francs to relieve the necessitous working-people; and the decree of this munificent donation was forwarded to the different Generals for communication to the insurgents. Having performed this act the Assembly adjourned to 1 o'clock.

The insurgents on the right bank in the neighbourhood of the Clos St. Lazare were enabled by favour of the night to resume the positions which had cost so much loss and bloodshed the day

before. The barrier of Rochechouart was found to be strongly fortified, and covered by the octroi building, in which was stationed a party of insurgents. At 10 o'clock General Lebreton threw a party of soldiers into the abattoirs, or slaughter-houses, which commanded the barrier, who opened so effectual a fire that the barricade was abandoned; but the insurgents retired, some into the octroi house, and others into the houses at the opposite side of the boulevard, through which ran the street de Clignancourt, which was barred by a barricade that had yet to be taken. The firing at both sides was well sustained. In the mean time an attack was opened on the barricades of the Faubourg Poissonnière, and a piece of cannon carried into the Clos St. Lazare, which opened fire on the octroi. Severe fighting was going on all this time at the Barrier St. Denis, where the troops and National Guards suffered severely. While the battle raged thus at both flanks of the Clos St. Lazare, a detachment of soldiers cleared that wide piece of ground of the foes concealed behind great blocks of stone or in the angles of the half-built hospital. Towards 4 o'clock the Clos St. Lazare, the great fortress of the right bank, was taken, and the faubourgs of Rochechouart and Poissonnière being freed, the soldiers were enabled to advance and take the Barrier of St. Denis n the rear,

clear that faubourg, as well as the faubourg of St. Martin, and thus to give a final blow to the insurrection in the Faubourg du Temple.

The difficulties in the centre of the city were no less great. We have mentioned that General Duvivier was wounded, and gave up his command: his successor, General Perrot, on entering the Rue St. Antoine, saw that each house was a fortress. From behind mattresses, and beds placed in the windows the protected marksmen were enabled to take secure aim. There was a flanking fire from the barricades of the side streets, and in front, barricade after barricade. It was observed, too, that in this street, where the insurgents had had two days for the completion of their plans, communications had been opened from house to house; a hint not lost on the military. The engineering corps of sappers and miners were now called into action, and thus were three lines of advance made at the same time, one at each side of the street within the houses, while the main body of troops forced their way through five powerfully constructed barricades, extending from the church of St. Paul to the top of the street. The last barricade, which separated the Rue St. Antoine from the Place de la Bastille, was constructed on scientific principles, and resembled a citadel with its bastions loop-holed to favour cross-firing. It withstood

an assault of two hours, and several artillerymen were shot down whilst pointing the cannon which thundered against it incessantly. An old gentleman, seventy-two years of age, the Count de Feré, was the first to mount it. Encountering no less difficulties, General Négrier fought his way to the Place de la Bastille clearing both sides of the quay, the connecting bridges having been barricaded and fortified. Part of the way, the Island St. Louis, connected by double bridges at each side, gave strength and shelter to the insurgents. All difficulties yielded to the energy of Négrier, and he kept his appointment with Perrot at the Place de la Bastille. He had hardly reached the goal of his desire when he received a ball in the head: feeling that he was mortally wounded, he said to those about him, "Bear witness that I died like a Frenchman and a soldier," and fell. About the same time General Régnault was struck treacherously a mortal blow by an insurgent whom he had seized, and then saved from being put to death. Colonel Charbonnel was also struck by a ball, of which he died. While such dearly-bought advantages were gained over the insurgents on the right bank of the river, and in the heart of the city, the left was the scene of a brutal tragedy. General de Bréa having followed up the work of his gallant predecessor, Damesme, by clearing the left bank

and driving the insurgents to the barriers of the outer boulevards and Garden of Plants, determined to try what could be effected by kindly remonstrance to terminate the insurrection in that quarter: the fact of its being his fête-day filled him with benevolent hope; and the decree of the Assembly, according three millions of francs to the necessitous, of which a copy was despatched to him, afforded the necessary means for opening negotiations. At the barrier of St. Jacques the insurgents listened to him, and laid down their arms: he then proceeded along the outer boulevard, which, terminating at the front entrance of the Garden of Plants, would have enabled him to join the forces of Négrier by the Bridge of Austerlitz.

On arriving at the barrier of Fontainbleau, he was stopped by a line of barricades, which converted that part of the road into a citadel. The shouts of defiance launched by the insurgents, amidst cries of "*Vive la République démocratique et sociale,*" convinced Colonel Thomas, who had earned some experience of these people, that it was useless to try moral means. The General was, on the contrary, quite sanguine, and rode forward with the decree in his hand, attended by his aide-de-camp, Captain Mangin, and a drummer; a Colonel of National Guards, Desmarets, and the

Military Commandant Gobert accompanied the General, although not without strong feelings of mistrust. The insurgents affecting to listen to the conciliatory language of the General, lured him on until they led the little party to the barrier gate; then hurrying them in, they locked it, shouting, "We have caught them."

It was then between two and three o'clock. The fiercest shouts of triumph marked the success of this treachery. The drummer was forced to beat the drum, in order to assemble those who were drinking in the cabarets, whence they rushed out in all directions. The General, his aide-de-camp, the Colonel of National Guards, and the Commandant, were dragged into a restaurant, amidst the vilest language; their clothes were torn from their backs; one fellow spat in the old General's face; another was with difficulty restrained from flinging a paving-stone at his head; shouts of "*à mort, à mort,*" were vociferated by the savages. An attempt was made to save the General by the hotel people, who were aiding him to climb over a garden wall, when he was pulled back by a fellow on guard; and a man who offered a glass of wine to the old man, exhausted with ill usage, was drawn away, with threats of being shot for an *aristo*, the slang for aristocrat. The party were next driven to the military post, and shut up in the

guard-room. Efforts were made by the insurgents to induce the General to order his troops to lay down their arms, and of course made in vain; but an order for the troops to retire was wrung from him, although without the least idea on his part that he would be obeyed.

On receiving the order, the colonel in command of the troops despatched a message to General Cavaignac, although well aware what the answer of a military man would be; and in the mean time he endeavoured, by threats and remonstrances, addressed to the insurgents, to turn them from the purpose which he divined. The General, bravely enduring the contumelies to which he was exposed, told his persecutors that he was too old a soldier to fear death—although he had been heard touchingly to exclaim, "And this on my fête-day!"—and the more impetuous young Mangin called on them to put their design into execution at once. By degrees, such fellows as were without fire-arms were removed, and some seven or eight assassins took up their post at an open window. The mob raged outside, yet the executioners seemed to hesitate: at length a cry was heard, "*Voilà la Mobile!* fire, fire!" and the General and his aide-de-camp fell under a discharge of several guns. While yet breathing, his own sword—a sword of honour given him by a

former commander—was passed through his body, and the face of Captain Mangin so mutilated, as not to be recognizable. The Commandant Gobert, who witnessed this scene from under a camp-bed, and the Colonel, who stood partially concealed in the embrasure of a window, expected to be shot next, for they had already been beaten and buffeted like the victims now murdered before their eyes. A sudden revulsion seems, however, to have followed the execution of this act of treachery and barbarism, such as could not have been surpassed by savages.

In a short time after, Colonel Thomas having learned the fulfilment of his worst apprehensions, prepared to attack the barricade; and this fortress, that might have cost many efforts, was feebly defended by arms unnerved by the consciousness of guilt. More humane than their foes, the Garde Mobile did not, as was at first reported, take summary vengeance: many prisoners were made, and it is from the evidence produced on their trial, some months afterwards, that this narrative is taken.

More fortunate were three members of the Assembly, Messrs. Larabit, Desvaux, and Cazalat, who, animated by De Bréa's benevolent intention, carried the decree from barricade to barricade, until they literally forced their way into the

Faubourg St. Antoine itself, where they were detained all night; but they were enabled to escape the next morning, after incurring the most imminent peril of assassination. M. Cazalat, who drew up an account of what he witnessed, states the circumstances under which he undertook to bring the decree of the Assembly to the notice of the insurgents, in a passage that marks the imminence of the danger to which Paris was exposed on this melancholy Sunday.

"At 9 o'clock in the morning the Assembly was only guarded by a few hundred dragoons and artillerymen, for General Négrier had sent off two squadrons of dragoons and a column of infantry to reinforce General Duvivier, who was held in check at the Hôtel-de-Ville by a troop of insurgents, who had blockaded, for the previous forty-eight hours, the Mairie of the seventh Arrondissement, which is close to that building..

"General Lamoricière, with 5000 or 6000 men, attacked the barricades of the Clos St. Lazare, the Faubourgs of St. Denis, St. Martin, and of the Temple. Between our two corps d'armée, thus engaged, the insurgents battled on the fifth, sixth, and seventh Arrondissements, resting on the eighth and ninth Arrondissements, of which they were complete masters. Notwithstanding there were 40,000 National Guards, I was assured that not

4000 National Guards had been engaged, while the rest stood aloof, timid and undecided, or took part with the insurgents. I knew that the insurgents were exciting the workmen, very numerous in these three Arrondissements, against the National Assembly, and the knowledge of these circumstances led me to fear lest a body of some 20,000 men should throw themselves, by the Faubourgs St. Martin and du Temple, on the troops of General Lamoricière, while engaged with the insurgents who were able to communicate freely with their army in the Faubourg St. Antoine. While I was thinking of going to consult with General Cavaignac, a citizen, whose name I do not know, put into my hands ten copies of the decree of the National Assembly, and, as if by an illumination of heaven, I resolved on reading this decree to the workmen of the sixth and eighth Arrondissements, who, in my opinion, held at that moment the fate of the city at the end of their muskets."

He then describes the efforts he made with some of his colleagues and a body of National Guards to spread the decree, proceeding from barricade to barricade, until they reached the citadel of the insurrection itself.

While soldiers and civilians were alike braving and meeting death rather as martyrs in the cause of benevolence, than as defenders of society, it

remained for an heroic priest to surpass, as became a Christian minister, all other examples of devotedness, and to lay down his life in the hope that his blood might extinguish the cruel fratricidal strife of fellow-citizens, and appease their mutual hatred. The crowning military combination having been completed, by the meeting of the commanding officers, on the Place of the Bastille, after having suppressed the insurrection on all other points, it now remained to attack the Faubourg St. Antoine, when the Archbishop of Paris, a plain, mild, firm, and pious man, of some fifty years, approached the general in command, and asked if the firing might not be suspended while he attempted to parley with the insurgents. He had been with General Cavaignac, and had obtained the ready sanction of the chief of the Executive Power to act according to his pious views. Weak from indisposition, mental anxieties, and bodily fatigue, the prelate ascended the Rue St. Antoine, that just before had been the scene of combat, visiting as he went the ambulances, that he might administer consolation to the wounded and dying, until he reached the final scene of action. At his request the fire was promptly suspended. The astonished insurgents saw a man *en blouse*, bearing a brand in token of peace, followed by the Archbishop who was accom-

panied by his two grand vicars. The insurgents descended from their barricades; but not all animated by the same disposition. While some felt kindly sentiments, others uttered furious menaces: whether from curiosity, or excitement, or fear for the Archbishop, the soldiers pressed more and more towards the insurgents, and mutual reproaches and denunciations escaped from both sides—even blows were exchanged. In the midst of altercations, which the prelate and his vicars tried to suppress, a shot was fired; the insurgents exclaimed treason! treason! and took to the barricade, and the combat recommenced. The Archbishop, unappalled, although between two fires, resolutely mounted the barricade. One of his vicars had three balls through his hat. The prelate was in the act of descending at the other side when he was struck by a ball from a window. He was assassinated, as General Bréa had been, while offering peace and consolation.

The insurgents seemed horrified for a moment at such an act of atrocity. They hastened to acquit themselves, in a rivalry of assertion, of all part in the nefarious deed. They carried the wounded Archbishop into the hospital. He asked was his life in danger? The answer was in the affirmative. "Blessed be God," was his response, "and may He accept the sacrifice that I offer Him

anew for the safety of His people. May my death expiate my own faults committed in the discharge of my episcopacy!"

In an hour afterwards the firing ceased, after tremendous ravages on the houses at the entry of the faubourg, which were rendered incapable of covering the defenders of the barricades. The battle was not yet over, but, as after the murder of Bréa, the power of the arm of the insurrection was paralysed.

Not to break the narration of events, which were hurrying on with such rapidity, we have not noticed the proceedings of the Assembly, and as the writer was present at its sittings, we shall adopt the first person singular, so desirable to be avoided whenever not indispensably necessary.

It was a sombre day, as if there had been an eclipse of the sun. The streets were strictly guarded, so that all circulation was forbidden. By means of a ticket of admission to the National Assembly, I was one of the few individuals who, not in the costume of a national guard, was enabled to make way through the leading thoroughfares. At 1 o'clock the Assembly met, when such reports as had been received were read. They mentioned that several barricades in the neighbourhood of the Rue St. Antoine, and one in

the street itself, had been taken. A project of law was then introduced, allowing five additional days for payment of bills falling due from the 23rd to the 27th, and after some conversation, this useful measure was passed, and the sitting suspended. Between 2 and 3 o'clock I saw M. Ducoux riding at a rapid pace along the boulevards towards the Assembly, and shouting, as he proceeded, "*Tout va bien.*" Foreseeing that he was about to make a communication to the Assembly, I made my way thither, and arrived before he had ascended the tribune. He stated that, upon all points, the insurrection was losing ground;—that a quantity of arms, 5,000 or 6,000 stand, had been detained. That the National Guard were then establishing communications from house to house, by which they were enabled to turn the barricades and fire down upon their defenders. The military corps of engineers and sapeurs-pompiers were now engaged in that useful work. Reinforcements of National Guards were arriving from the environs;—so far so good, but as he proceeded to say that the National Guard of Paris had recovered from the stupor into which they had been thrown, and were acting with accustomed energy, a loud expression of dissatisfaction was manifested, and several voices exclaimed that the conduct of the National Guard had all along

been admirable. He explained by saying that the National Guard had not assembled in the first instance with their usual readiness. The Minister of Finance did not improve the matter by saying that, on both sides, they had fought with too much courage. This excited loud cries of order. One member declared that the National Guard fighting against the insurrection, meant gallantry confronting assassination; and he stated that what the minister said was blasphemy. On which the whole Assembly rose as by one accord, and cried, "*Vive la Garde Nationale!*" The Minister attempted to explain, amidst much excitement, which began to be manifested. M. de la Rochejacquelin essayed to make a strong appeal in favour of mercy to the vanquished; but it was treated as unnecessary and uncalled for, inasmuch as the merciful disposition of the Assembly could not be doubted. The sitting was again suspended until a little before 5 o'clock, at which time reports more satisfactory than any which had been previously received, were presented. A report from M. Marrast announced that the Mairie of the ninth Arrondissement, in which the Hôtel-de-Ville is situated, had been taken from the insurgents, as well as the formidable barricade erected in the adjoining street. "I cannot," he adds, "give you long details, but you may judge for yourselves by

the fact that the long narrow streets leading from the Hôtel-de-Ville into the Rue St. Antoine were all barricaded, and the windows of the houses filled with mattresses, from behind which they fired: our losses have, therefore, been cruel." He went on to say that each house had been turned into a fortress, while communications from house to house had been opened, so that the whole neighbourhood was, as it were, one vast fortress. The troops were then marching towards the Place des Vosges, to retake the Mairie of the eighth Arrondissement. By a second report, M. Marrast announced that, by the destruction of a barricade which had to that moment resisted all efforts, the bridge Damiette, connecting the quay with the Isle St. Louis, was occupied at both ends. All was proceeding to a happy conclusion; but, alas! he added, "our hospitals, our ambulances are crowded, and never have the streets of Paris been so reddened with blood." Having read these reports, and the latter sentence with a faltering voice, M. Senard presented a report which announced that the Clos St. Lazare was at length completely occupied by the troops and National Guards. On the left bank there was resistance here and there, but nothing of consequence. A report of another character had been received from a representative to the effect that,

as the idea prevailed amongst the insurgents tha no quarter would be given, it would be well to remove an impression that tended to prolong resistance. In consequence of this report, a proclamation was presented, signed by General Cavaignac and M. Senard, by which the working-people in insurrection were invited to come as penitent brothers, and the arms of the Republic would be open to receive them.

A report from the Prefect of Police, dated half-past 4 o'clock, was received, announcing that the barricade of the Rue St. Antoine had been taken, but that the resistance was continued in the Faubourg du Temple, where General Lamoricière commanded. The sitting was again suspended. After these reports, it was fairly to be presumed that the struggle was approaching a termination; yet I can vouch that the military men who were personally witnessing the combat at different places, were far from expecting a prompt suppression of the insurrection. However, the mind was relieved by such statements.

Re-passing the bridge upon that sad evening, it was impossible not to be struck with the extraordinary aspect of the Place de la Concorde, and of the approaches to the Assembly. On the quays the soldiers had themselves thrown up barricades, through which cannon were pointed; for the forces

about the Assembly had been considerably weakened by the troops that the Questeur-General Négrier had drawn off when setting forth on his successful, but, to himself, fatal expedition. A discovery had moreover been made of a project for raising barricades in a sort of village that stands between the Assembly and the military school of the Champ de Mars, where there was a depôt of artillery, in order to intercept the communication; and a coup-de-main would probably be attempted against the representatives of the people.

The Place de la Concorde presented such an aspect as might have been expected if Paris had been in the hands of an enemy. A regiment of dragoons, stripped to their shirts, were grooming their horses, and out of the basins of the magnificent fountains horses were drinking. The Champs Elysées was a bivouac; and the trodden, filthy straw—the mixture of the stable-yard with the unrivalled splendour of the square, the hushed voice of the city, the reports of fire-arms faintly heard in the distance, the sight of uniforms, the absence of all faces from the windows, created a scene, the impression of which can never be forgotten.

Proceeding to a restaurant for dinner, I found myself in close neighbourhood with Louis Blanc, and I confess that I felt my attention

rivetted to him. That he was deeply compromised in this terrible Communist insurrection was, at least, generally suspected; that his doctrines and his intrigues had much to do with it, no one doubted; that he fully sympathised with the insurrection was undeniable. How far guilty or innocent, it was at least certain that, standing in the position he did, it required some hardihood on his part to sit down surrounded by National Guards whose comrades were lying wounded and dying in all directions, and make a hearty dinner, not without a fair share of good wine. The deep, concentrated look which he gave from time to time out of doors, when anything attracted attention, might not have been easily interpreted; but the absence of sympathy with the defenders of order was marked enough.

After dinner he proceeded with his companion up the boulevards, for the red ribbon of the representative at his button-hole secured free egress. A little while after, a cabriolet was seen approaching at a violent pace under the protection of a military officer:—it bore Louis Blanc, who having been recognised, was menaced with ill-usage by the National Guards. He contrived to escape their hands, and the officer was protecting him in his flight to the Assembly. As he passed the post of National Guards at the Foreign Office, the men ran

after the cabriolet and stopped it: some considerable delay followed, and the cabriolet was allowed to proceed; but a shot was fired after it: This caused much sensation, which soon abated. The sensation amongst the National Guards, who did not witness the occurrence, was the greater, as the report prevailed amongst them that persons were to take up their station at windows in the neighbourhood, and by shooting down the men, create a panic, in order at once to gratify hatred, and favour the designs of the insurgents. At a later hour I saw Colonel Charbonnel carried by on a *civière:* he was mortally wounded; but his face presented that sublime calm which distinguishes the effect of the gunshot-wound from that of the bayonet. All the posts turned out, and presented arms to the heroic victim.

The suspended sitting of the Assembly was resumed at 9 o'clock, when the President presented the reports that had reached him. He had at that moment received the intelligence, which had been so impatiently looked for, of the junction, at the Place de la Bastille, of the troops that had marched from the Hôtel-de-Ville with those of General Lamoricière. The insurrection was accordingly confined to the Faubourg St. Antoine. Some struggles would still be vainly attempted at one barrier or another. As desperate an effort

was making at Montmartre, as had been made at the barrier of Fontainbleau; but Paris would nevertheless soon be completely delivered. He then announced that General Négrier, whose hand he had pressed that morning, was dead, and Colonel Charbonnel wounded. Their colleague Dornès was in a dangerous state. It became their duty then to provide for the trial of the insurgents, with whom the prisons were filled; and, on the motion of the President, a decree was passed that any person taken with arms in his hands should be transported beyond the seas. A question was asked regarding General Bréa, to which the President replied that he was not in a position to give a satisfactory answer. The estafettes that had been despatched had returned without being able to procure exact details. The Assembly then adjourned to the following morning, amidst profound emotion.

CHAPTER III

THE INSURRECTION, FOURTH DAY, JUNE 26—THE ASSEMBLY—TERMINATION OF THE STRUGGLE.

An acquaintance who resides at the Place de la Bastille told me that the night of Sunday there was most lugubrious. Throughout the day, the cannon, approaching nearer and nearer from the Hôtel-de-Ville, marked the success attending the operations of the troops; for it was only by the ear that a notion could be formed of what was passing out of doors. When all was comparatively still at night, an extraordinary conflagration excited attention. The insurgents, having formed a barricade composed of wood, taken from a wood-yard, across one of the lateral streets, from some motive or other set fire to it, and the strange effect of this barricade on fire at midnight had something in it mysterious, from its very novelty,

and the vague feeling of wonder and apprehension it occasioned. The whole Place de la Bastille was lighted up by the conflagration, with its army ready to repeat this act of destruction on still more valuable property.

The President of the Assembly was, at the early hour of between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, surprised by a strange visit. Four delegates from the Faubourg St. Antoine, with Colonel Larabit, presented themselves. The Colonel and another representative, M. Druet Desvaux, whose names have already been introduced in connexion with that of M. Cazalat, who forced his way, with the decree according the three millions, into the faubourg. These two gentlemen had accompanied the Archbishop when he fell, and the three being brought together, endeavoured by reasoning and remonstrance to induce the insurgents to make their submission. It was from the statements of these gentlemen that the insurgents learned for the first time the true state of things. Their leaders, in order to keep up their resolution, represented their friends to be victorious on all sides. They learned from the three representatives, their prisoners, that the Assembly was sitting *en permanence*, that martial law was proclaimed, subjecting all persons taken with arms to the risk of being shot, and that the fau-

bourg was now isolated, and would immediately be invested. So little frightened, however, did the insurgents appear to be, that they commanded their prisoners, under pain of death, to sign a declaration for transmission to the National Assembly, containing four conditions: that the Assembly should be dissolved; the army removed forty leagues from Paris; the prisoners Barbès, &c. at Vincennes, restored to liberty; and that the people should themselves make their Constitution. Colonel Larabit declared firmly that he would sign no such declaration. After a warm discussion, a fresh declaration was drawn up, which stipulated that the insurgents should not be deprived of their rights as citizens; and this the three representatives having signed, a delegation was named to accompany Colonel Larabit to the Assembly, who, on his part, engaged to return in case the declaration should not be accepted. M. Senard received the deputation, and entering into conversation with them of a general character, was surprised to hear the extraordinary notions that they entertained of public affairs. "Where could you have got such extravagant ideas?" asked M. Senard, in wonder; and he found that they derived their errors from the *one sou* journals that were distributed through the faubourgs: these papers were of the grossest and basest character. Coming, how-

ever, to the immediate subject of the negotiation, M. Senard having consulted General Cavaignac, and having been shown by the General that any negotiation at that moment could only tend to embarrass the military operations, the success of which had become matter of certainty—felt constrained to refuse to treat with the delegation, whom he urged to recommend their companions to make an unconditional surrender. Colonel Larabit, like a man of honour, kept his word with the delegates, and, notwithstanding the failure of the negotiation, returned along with them.

The Assembly met at half-past 8 o'clock, when M. Senard recounted the meeting he had had with the deputation, and the answer he had been authorised to make by General Cavaignac, that nothing would be accepted short of unconditional submission: they had, however, given the insurgents till 10 o'clock to surrender. He then proceeded to announce certain measures taken by Government for the sake of public security. Such National Guards as had not answered the *rappel* should be disarmed, the Clubs of a dangerous character closed, and such journals as preached civil war, suppressed. He also announced the formation of a committee of inquiry into the plot of the 15th of May, as well as the present insurrection, in order to elicit their con-

nexion. After these communications the members retired into their respective committee-rooms.

Let us turn for a moment to a place of which we have said little—the Château of Vincennes. Here were confined the real leaders of the insurrection—the men, whose lieutenants were acting vigorously in their name, and who, if carried in triumph to the seat of Government, would have formed the first social and democratic administration. It is told that on the morning when the insurrection broke out, and before what was passing in Paris was known, unusual animation was observed amongst the prisoners. M. Blanqui attired himself in his best, and with his usual cynical audacity told his keeper with a sardonic smile that he expected a visit from his friends, whom he was dressed to receive. The more impetuous Barbès called on the governor to allow him to depart, telling him that if he complied with his request the most signal rewards awaited him under the new Government, and that if he did not, he must expect to be shot. Neither the promise nor the menace produced any other effect than an intimation that an effort to escape would be the signal for a summary execution. It was known at Vincennes that the insurgents had been given till 10 o'clock to surrender, and I am assured that the anxiety with

which all in that fortress, state-prison, and depôt of artillery, watched the time, was most intense. The hour came, and immediately the ears of the military men recognised the deep boom of the cannon. The faubourg was attacked.

As soon as the signal was given the soldiery ordered to attack from the Place de la Bastille rushed on with such impetuosity that they immediately cleared three successive barricades, and the insurgents pretended to surrender; but as soon as they had checked the movements of the troops they treacherously renewed their fire; the attack was revived, and the insurgents fled in all directions. The report of the false surrender had been brought to General Lamoricière as he was proceeding against the flank of the faubourg. The interference of certain representatives caused him to lose some advantages and some men. An immediate surrender took place, however; but it was not a surrender of a general character: the great mass of the insurgents took flight, and for hours the cavalry were engaged in bringing them back prisoners. I was on the boulevards some time about noon, when an officer stopped at a post of National Guards and declaimed vehemently against the conduct of the representatives of the people, who, by their interference, were doing much harm. He said it was untrue that the in-

surgents had surrendered; that they had affected to do so in order to draw the troops within the streets, that they might, while off their guard, be destroyed; and he declared that General Lamoricière had sustained within the previous hour very serious losses, owing to such false reports, and imprudent interference of members of the Assembly. He recommended the National Guards not to allow even representatives to pass them. There was so much grief and indignation in the tone of this officer's voice, who was probably himself to a certain degree mistaken, that he deeply affected his hearers with his own sentiments: they took his hand and pressed it, patted his horse and kissed it, and manifested very deep emotion. We have seen how heroically some members acted—with what eagerness they endeavoured to spread the decree of the Assembly in favour of the working-people—how freely they shared the dangers of the troops. But there were exceptions; there were members who paralysed the action of the National Guards, by calling on them with maudlin compassion, if not calculated treachery, not to fire on their brethren, and we can testify to the complaints made by General Lamoricière, and the officer whose words were heard by the writer.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock M. Senard rushed into the Assembly, mounted to his seat, and ex-

claiming "the Faubourg St. Antoine has surrendered at discretion," desired the members to be summoned. He said that he was enabled to make the statement on the assurance of an aide-de-camp, who had seen three battalions enter without resistance. Some doubts were expressed, and the sitting was suspended, the President engaging to convoke members as soon as he should receive decisive information.

At half-past 1 o'clock the President, mounting to his seat, rang his bell as loudly as possible, and as the members flocked in, he announced that all was over. After this general statement he assured them that Colonel Larabit had been freed, and the other two of their colleagues were in safety. Captain Adelswordt threw some doubts on the surrender, grounded on what he had heard from General Lamoricière, and he proceeded to repeat that which I had just before heard from the lips of the officer on the boulevard,—in fact it was the same person. There yet remained some doubt; but it was soon put an end to by the entry of M. Corban, Vice-President, with the following note from General Cavaignac:—

"Citizen President!

"Thanks to the attitude of the National Assembly, thanks to the devotedness of the National

Guards and the army, the revolt is subdued—there is no more strife in Paris. As soon as I am certain that the powers conferred on me are no longer necessary to the safety of the Republic I will remit them respectfully into the hands of the National Assembly.

"GENERAL CAVAIGNAC."

There was a burst of acclamation with repeated cries of "*Vive Général Cavaignac,*" and the Assembly separated.

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS AFTER THE BATTLE.

The physiognomy of Paris, for some days after the close of this fearful struggle, was very curious to the eye of the stranger. In the course of the evening of Monday, the interdiction against the circulation of people in coloured clothes was considerably relaxed, but not altogether removed. Some of the National Guards on duty were more strict than others, and people would be recommended at all events not to tarry, but to return home. The cafés began to open that same evening, and were filled by those on whom restraint had operated so disagreeably to the derangement of routine habits. There were some enterprising spirits who made their way even to the Rue St. Antoine, which was filled with prisoners—men

who had surrendered on the spot, or had been led back captive from the environs. They looked dejected and haggard, as might have been expected, after a collapse from overstrained excitement. No pen could describe the appearance of ruin, filth, misery, and confusion, that prevailed. The rapidity with which so much of the evidences of battle, as consisted in the levelling of barricades, and the repaving of the streets was removed, was somewhat surprising.

In a day or two, one part of Paris, that which had escaped, was engaged tranquilly visiting the other. The visitor's way lay along the boulevards. From the front of the Ambigu Comique, to the last of that multiplied succession of theatres which terminates with Délassemens Comiques, or the lugubrious Gaîté, there is a deep semicircular bend, forming a space, a portion of which is devoted to a Marché aux Fleurs. All this had been converted into a very picturesque bivouac, being filled with conical white tents. A park of artillery reposed there. The Théâtre Historique was an ambulance. Higher up, the horses of a regiment of dragoons were stabled on the trottoirs. The Place de la Bastille was the chief object of attraction. It had been the great basin into which the battle,—foaming and raging from the Barriers of Poissonnière and Rochechouart to

Popincourt,—from the Hôtel-de-Ville, up through the Rue St. Antoine,—along the quays—and from the left side over fiercely-contested bridges,—came meeting in that vast surge that was next to precipitate itself into the contumacious faubourg. Already had it beaten against the first opposing obstacles, and terrible were the traces it had left. The mortars and guns had described a half circle, taking in the four avenues comprised between the canal and the Rue de Charonne, of which the intermediate two were the Rue de la Roquette and the Rue St. Antoine. A house at the corner of the Rue de la Roquette had been entirely destroyed from top to bottom—all that escaped were a looking-glass and two small engravings, frail curiosities surviving sad ruin. The left side of the faubourg was, for a hundred yards or so, very much battered. A house of business, called La belle Sardinière, looked as if it had stood as a mark for cannon, so perforated was it. A wine-shop close to it being open, presented a mirror with a cannon shot cleanly cut through it. A narrow house separating the faubourg from the Rue de Charonne, was riddled with shot. A little way up the faubourg there was no trace of combat, for none had taken place, with the exception of an episode that occurred on the first day at the corner of the Rue de Reuilly, some half way upon the right

side. Here was a barrack in course of construction, only one wing of which was then complete; and in this wing there was a small detachment of about 200 infantry. The insurgents summoned them to surrender, but the gallant band refused. The former, then occupying a small low brew-house opposite, and the unfinished portion of the barrack, kept up a warm fire, while a party covered by a small house close by the side of the occupied wing, attempted to set fire to it. After some hours' exertions, the soldiers hit upon a plan of communicating their situation to the garrison at Vincennes. They dressed one of their own men in a blouse, who, making his way out, affected to stop and take aim in an audacious manner at the soldiers; on which the latter pretended to mark him out for their fire, so as to cover his escape, which he made good, and brought his comrades the necessary succour. Higher up, near to the Barrière du Trône, is the Rue de Picpus, well known to the Americans who visit Paris, because attached to a convent in this street is a small cemetery, containing, amongst those of other distinguished personages, the remains of Lafayette.

At the corner of the street in the faubourg is a stately mansion, with a fine park, rich in the grand ornament of large breezy trees, inclosed by a wall. This mansion was a ladies' boarding-school.

Opposite was the street through which a portion of the forces of Lamoricière were expected; and it was said that the insurgents had threatened to place the young ladies on the barricade, as a sure means of preventing the soldiers from firing. This rumour had the effect of clearing all the female schools of Paris for some time of their inmates. It must be acknowledged that the inhabitants of the faubourg showed few signs of having escaped great perils, for business was going on as usual. While the soldiers were busily searching for arms, the walls here and there were marked with inscriptions in chalk of "*Mort aux voleurs.*" Descending the faubourg, the usual course of the curious lay through the Rue St. Antoine to the quay, and up through the Faubourg St. Jacques to the Panthéon. The houses at all the corners of streets showed most marks of balls; and it may not be out of place to notice, that at many corners there were wine-shops, in which the insurgents, having first imbibed the necessary stimulus of drink and conversation, turned their familiar place of meeting into a fortress for the defence of illicit opinions.

On entering the Rue St. Antoine, on the right, the eye following a short street, is attracted to a passage under a singular old-fashioned red-brick house, into a square, a most quaint relic of old

times. It used to be called the Place Royale, but the name is now changed into that of the Place des Vosges. This neighbourhood was in olden days the fashionable quarter—the seat of the nobility and Court. In the centre there is a statue to Louis XIII. The old red-brick houses, of the style and shape of some of the buildings of the Château of Fontainbleau, have underneath an arcade. To return to the entrance from the Rue St. Antoine the visitor finds himself under the house of the celebrated Victor Hugo; and one of the first acts of the insurgents was to seize his house, (to the alarm of his wife and family, who had to fly,) in order that they, the insurgents, might attack with more effect the adjoining military post, defending the Mairie of the ninth Arrondissement. They succeeded. The soldiers were obliged to capitulate, as indeed most other parties must have done, if disseminated as the military mentors of General Cavaignac proposed. If those who, instead of following the Rue St. Antoine, had descended towards the quays by the Rue du Temple, they would have seen everywhere the houses marked with balls, especially at the corners of the streets. The Church of St. Gervais, behind the Hôtel-de-Ville, would first stop the visitor going over the battle-ground, in order that he might see its shattered gates. The next point of

interest would be the extreme west end of the hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, in which the insurgents threw themselves, in order to cover the bridge. Proceeding onwards, and before ascending the Rue St. Jacques, the visitor would turn a little to the right to enter the Church St. Severin, the old Church of the Jansenists, and the Port-Royalists, into which hundreds of National Guards were taken dead. At the other end of the same street he would see the Place Maubert, with its burnt-down military post, and houses all about marked with balls. Instead of going up the precipitous Rue de la Montagne Geneviève, he would retrace his steps, and ascend the Faubourg St. Jacques—that narrow, steep street, that must have blazed with musketry by the signs visible—until he came in front of the Panthéon. This beautiful building—which crowns the height of that classic *pays latin*, the top of that ascent from Nôtre Dame, through whose sacred way of churches and colleges Abelard threaded his path, when the dawn of learning began to struggle with the night of superstition,—this beautiful building was defaced by the marks of balls and shot. Large pieces had been rent from its fluted columns, its bronze doors had been beaten in, and some rude temporary patchwork filled up the doorway of the temple.

I recollect that my last visit to the Panthéon

had taken place the preceding month of October. Copies of the most famous pictures of Michael Angelo and Raphael had been brought from Rome by two brothers of the name of Baze, pupils of Ingres, and their ten years' devoted love-labour were allowed to be exhibited in the ci-devant church.

It so happened that on the day of my visit, the Royal family of France entered without pomp or ceremony, and within a few feet of where I stood, were the Queen of the French leaning on her son, the Duc de Montpensier, followed by the Duchess of Orleans, the Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess of Montpensier. There was a large assemblage of people, by whom the illustrious visitors were recognised; and the deference and attention with which the royal party were treated gave little warning of the hurricane of popular rage before which they had to fly in only four months afterwards. The Duc de Montpensier took great care to point out to his mother the beauties of the works of Raphael, at which the royal lady expressed her admiration. The Duchess of Orleans showed the most animated interest of the whole party, questioning the Bazes at each moment, and manifesting by her manner the desire to improve this opportunity of acquiring information, by carrying away such

full impressions as a lover of art desires to hoard up in the memory, furnishing the mind as it were with a decorative gallery of inappreciable value. This power of hoarding artistic wealth is happily in the reach of many who cannot buy, and is not given to all who can. The Queen of the Belgians looked shy and embarrassed. The Duchess of Montpensier had the air of an amused and somewhat astonished child.

Behind the Panthéon is the exquisitely beautiful old church of St. Etienne du Mont with its fantastic gallery screening the altar. The pious visit it for the sake of the tomb of St. Geneviève; the pious and the learned for the sake of the little black slab in the wall, marking the resting-place of the immortal Pascal—that greatest of great men. There were some marks of musket-balls within this church. The Clos St. Lazare, on the right bank, was also a source of attraction to the curious.

While visiting these points, there were other signs of the late struggle more touching and affecting. Many large shops had been temporarily hired for ambulances, and before each was placed a box for receiving subscriptions. They were generally well supplied with copper coin. At many doorways children were busy making lint, and the great number of shops that remained shut marked that within there lay a victim. Carts laden with

barms that had been seized,—*civières* bearing wounded men to hospitals,—funerals in all directions for some days, filled up the supplementary details of what had taken place. There came as a finale, the less affecting scene of a public ceremony in the Place de la Concorde. To the cavalry and bivouac succeeded a temporary lofty altar, and a huge, unwieldy funeral car, with representative victims. Perhaps French tastes demanded a sight and a show; but the eye and the heart found real sorrows, sympathies, and reflections in the streets. While the public, generally speaking, visited the points which have been mentioned, there were neighbourhoods into which a strange foot was hardly placed, and which, if visited, would have told a tale of another kind.

To any reflecting person, who would take the trouble of exploring all the ground occupied by the insurgents, the immense extent of the poor and miserable population of Paris would cause surprise and pain, not unmingled with apprehension for the future. It is curious, that the most miserable streets were precisely those which had most barricades. The Rue Grange aux Belles is a long, straggling, miserable street, at which you arrive by turning up from the Théâtre de l'Ambigu on the Boulevard du Temple: in this street were the greatest number of barricades of

any on the right bank. In fact, the boulevards from the Porte St. Martin to the Bastille run through neighbourhoods filled with populous misery; but the misery on the faubourg is greater than that on the city side. Between the Rue Grange aux Belles and the Faubourg St. Antoine is a mass of filth and wretchedness. And on the other side of the river, wretched as is the Rue Montagne Geneviève,—which had the greatest number of barricades of any on the left—it is yet but the advanced line of a miserable neighbourhood, generally known by the old name of the Faubourg St. Marceau. From behind the Panthéon to the Barrier of Fontainbleau, where General de Bréa was murdered, there could not be found in any city a more repulsive place than the long Rue Mouffetard, with its 330 houses. The murder that took place there may be taken as a proof of the savage character of its inhabitants, who, unless in their peregrinations into the better parts of the city in hunt of rags, bones, and the sweepings of houses—for the Rue Mouffetard is the residence of the Chiffonniers de Paris—must rarely see a broad-cloth coat, never a private carriage or cabriolet, except at the further end, where the street is passed by visitors to the Gobelins. It is probably a mark of the ignorance of the inhabitants, that while the names of streets called after

the royal family were in the fashionable quarters ignominiously taken down, the title of the Rue d'Orléans still stands at the corner of a part of this, the worst neighbourhood of all. The name, too, is nailed against the antique little church of St. Medard, in which the poor children are perseveringly instructed by the clergy, as the writer of this description can testify. Now, although the Faubourg St. Antoine is looked on as the classic ground of insurrection, it is not poor, and does not present an aspect of poverty. There are in this faubourg some 20,000 workmen, chiefly cabinet-makers; and their discontent at the period of this outbreak receives explanation, from the fact that there were only some 300 having employment.

Having examined the vast quarters of Paris, not only within but without the barrier walls, I came to this serious conclusion—that the more a city enlarges in size—I shall not say progresses in wealth—the greater becomes the growth of misery. Those who have considered the aspect of modern cities must have remarked that the tendency is to removal to new quarters, to the desertion of the old; and each desertion must, as a matter of course, leave behind many poor, thenceforward to be deprived of the advantages that were afforded by the residence of the wealthy. For instance, the

old square called the Place Royale, close to the Rue St. Antoine, was once the neighbourhood of the Court; and the Rue St. Antoine, as well as the streets between it and the Arsenal on the quay, bear evidence of former opulence. The descendants of wealthy classes that dwelt here of old, are now, probably, to be found in the comparatively modern quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain.

We can suppose, without much stretch of imagination, that the shopkeepers, traders, and manufacturers, created by the neighbourhood of rich houses, would decay as the wealthy emigrated. The working-classes do not move away so fast as the rich, and in time it would happen that much poverty would mark the deserted quarter. It might happen that merchants would succeed to the spacious mansions of the aristocracy, and that such commodious houses would be made commercial marts and factories, and so save the poorer classes from suffering; but should this not take place, the consequences need not be further pointed out. Yet allowing this to happen, we find a similar spirit of emigration to influence even the commercial classes; and the new financial quarter, as it is called, of the Chaussée d'Antin, is to the trading community that which the Faubourg St. Germain is to the aristocratic. As it was about the court, and the cathedrals, convents, colleges,

and even palaces of nobles, that the different quarters of a city sprung up, the same rule holds good to the present day.

The palace of the Luxembourg, built by Marie de Médicis, probably laid the foundation of the Faubourg St. Germain. The *débarcadère* of the Rouen Railway, erected in the poor Rue St. Lazare, has caused a new town to grow up around it. But as the town advances it must be to the increasing of poverty and of the poorer classes in the parts deserted. It is about Nôtre Dame, St. Geneviève, and the sites of the old churches—the seats of the once venerated religion, now fallen into decay—that we find the greatest masses of poverty.

The universities have held their ground, and about the neighbourhood of the Sorbonne we find those quiet antiquated printing-houses and book-establishments, in which the student may retire undisturbed, under the consecrated influence of the tranquillising *genius loci*.

As streets become deserted, and the prices of houses fall, more poor will flock in to swell the poor already there; and thus it would appear that, as there are ever actively working causes, to produce emigration of the wealthy classes from the old to the new portions of cities, so must that emigration leave behind it vast accumulations of

poverty. To these causes must be added the occasional paralysis of a special manufacture that had taken its seat in some particular quarter, or its being superseded by some new invention. Hence there follows from this combination of causes, as from the growth of a disease lodged in the system, a great danger for such a city as Paris! The greatest danger is not, after all, in physical misery. Gloomy as it is in itself, its aspect is most fearful when exhibited in the twilight of perverted education, without any glow of religious feeling. It would be taking a false view of humanity to say, that there was no good to be found in this class or that class. If there were no good, there would be no hope, and the work of improvement need not be undertaken. There is, happily, no such excuse for indifference or selfishness. The evil must, however, be looked steadily in the face. There is the master evil of poverty and suffering unsustained and uncheered by religion. In the absence of religion, there must needs be a brutalising and ferocious materialism. This materialism, which has descended into the lower orders, pervades those examples before their eyes, which influence their modes of thought. The excessive luxury indulged in by the classes above the poor insults their poverty and whets their passions. It was on this

account, chiefly, that the exposures of corrupt conduct in the upper classes, and the detection of the corrupt system of the government did precipitate the revolution of February, and help to determine its socialist character. If an epicurean self-indulgence seizes the better classes, if that indulgence becomes the main business of life, if it must be had on any terms and at any sacrifice of virtue and honour, depend upon it the neglected, ill-taught, and aggravated poor will put in their hands for a share of the spoils of life. It is in this way that corrupted civilization may be regarded as the sure forerunner of national decay.

The sort of education picked up by the Parisian populace is of a very dangerous kind. It is derived from public sights, from the theatres, and from those romances which run through the newspaper *feuilleton*. The public aspect of Paris would of itself save a populace from gross ignorance. There is hardly a public fountain which is not a splendid work of art. The poor boy who fills his pail of water at the fountain which marks the house where Molière was born may, on the scrolls of marble unfolded before his eyes, master the names and dates of all the works of this French Shakspeare of comedy. With the fancy so much excited, and the artistical taste so stimulated, it ceases to stir the wonder of the stranger that he

should seet he *commissionnaire*, who passes his day between blacking shoes and carrying loads or messages, filling up the intervals of time, not devoted to card-playing in the open air, with a play or a romance. The theatres are to the populace almost a necessary of life; and, as usual, the deeper the tragedy and the broader the farce, the more popular the character of the theatre. Whatever happens to be the cant of the moment finds its embodiment in the theatre. Thus, after 1830, it became the cant to laud the heroism of that wicked little urchin in blouse, known by the name of the *Gamin de Paris;* so this precious scamp, stuffed with virtues like a fowl with *truffles*, in the hands of the incomparable Bouffé, set the town shouting with ecstasy, or melting into tears, as long as it was the mode to canonise this specimen of city breeding. After February several pieces were produced with the object of showing the heroic disinterestedness that characterised the sovereign people. The *grisette* sacrificed the passion that was consuming her heart, because a beloved companion was dying for the same object; and the relief afforded to suffering want by those on want's brink, so stealthily as to baffle all inquiry as to its source, presented the sublime virtues of the poor in melancholy contrast with the rich.

This was very well, until M. Proudhon had

pronounced all property robbery, and the theatres showed empty boxes, from the growing poverty of the trading classes; then M. Proudhon was himself caught and exhibited alive, and the hitherto maligned bourgeois robed in the sober virtues of the middle class.

Previous to the revolution of February, the materialism that pervaded all classes of society spread over the current literature of the day, and from literature mounted the stage. A spurious philosophy had sprung up, of which Fourrier, Leroux, Considerant, and Proudhon, were the professors, and which George Sand and Eugène Sue undertook to make pass current through the all-read, all-devoured *feuilleton* of the newspapers. It is a remarkable instance either of carelessness in the leading journals of conservative politics, or their blindness to the danger that was lurking in those productions, that such papers as the *Débats*, the *Presse*, and the *Constitutionnel*, made their columns the means of communicating the most demoralizing doctrines, rendered very alluring by novel and vivid illustrations. Their subscribers were caught by the stimulating charm of highly-wrought scenes of sensual gratification and tragical adventure, which, while they roused their languid sensations, supplied them with a sort of mystical material axioms and false sentiment that

passed for profundity and feeling. But that which was mere indulgence to persons in easy circumstances, neutralized by other indulgences which it served to vary, was terrible reality to other classes. It was not only reality to the poor girl who devoured the romance in private, or read it aloud to a family all ears, but it was reality to that shabby-genteel class of adventurers who, from all parts of France and other countries, fly to Paris, full of ambitious prospects, deeply versed in the history of the revolution, panting to imitate the Robespierres and St. Justs, and with whose views the new materialism chimes completely.

When we look, therefore, at a huge population, taught through their senses, their fancies, their imaginations, but never through their judgment—believing the rich to live for sensuality, and the Government to exist by corruption, thrown first into the fever of a revolution, and then, because disappointed, believing they were betrayed; when we see this population receiving for apostles adventurers who teach community of goods as the remedy for poverty, and open vistas of Mahommedan joys to a sensual and imaginative club of hearers—we fear that it is not given to any of us to disregard opinions because they are absurd. We must go a little into this matter, and look at the

nature of man. He loves excitement. But what is that love of excitement, but a natural desire planted in him by a wise Providence to enjoy the full exercise of all his faculties of body and soul? The highest and most harmonious activity of body and soul is that produced by religion, which, while it elevates the soul to devotion, impels to acts of charity and benevolence and noble self-denial. Take away this high excitement, and what is the consequence? Why, this, that ardour of soul sinks into ardour of passion. The power that ought to keep passion in subjection ministers to it. From the guardian angel that it was, it becomes, as it were, an attending demon. The future heaven is darkened, that the paradise of earth may glow with more intensity—as the sun is shut out that the banquet-room may glare the more gaudily. The club leaders do not speculate or reason—talk of political economy, education, or reform. They rant, and declaim, and conspire. They thirst for a present pleasure—for the practical enjoyment of those stimulating tastes which they imbibe from romances—for an intoxicating draught of material joy, without which they feel life to be baffled of its true object, and of which they deem themselves deprived by possessors of property. Hence, when the banner of the *République Démocratique et Sociale* is held to

the light, the real characters come out in three words—"Blood, pillage, and violation."

The cruelties attributed to the mob army of the Socialists rest upon evidence of an incontrovertible kind. Those who were in Paris during the insurrection and afterwards, must have heard many instances of murder and mutilation of prisoners. For some time after the insurrection, assassination of soldiers, National Guards, and especially of the Garde Mobile were of daily and nightly occurrence. The murder of Bréa has been described—the deliberate assassination of the Archbishop is proved by the fact that he was at the insurgents' side of the barricade when he was shot from a window, the ball making a descending course. Colonel Allard, who discerned a place in an alley between the Rue de Charenton and the Faubourg St. Antoine, where the insurgents had been making cartridges, says in his evidence before the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry, "The balls were cast in thimbles, others in gun-barrels, and the pieces of lead afterwards cut into pieces; there were also seized some cartridges that revealed extraordinary ferocity: upon the cartridge was put a piece of cloth or greenish stuff that had been steeped in oxide of copper or in a corrosive oxide calculated to poison the wound. I have been told that several surgeons have picked up such cartridges."

"Colonel de Goyon, of the 2nd Dragoons, made a seizure of arms at a house opposite the Invalides, where the insurgents had intended an opposition, and the report contains the following passage:—"I send you three balls, one *mâchée* and one *trouée*, in which there was a spiral wire to aggravate the wound: my dragoons have received, but without being wounded, some thirty of these balls. The third ball is one of a lot which was taken on an insurgent: it is of the form of a twisted cone, hollow, and with three chiselled internal angles, of a kind with which experiments had been making at Vincennes. How the insurgents got hold of this, remains to be seen. I send you a horrible ball, and some pieces of lead calculated to give frightful mortal wounds by these savage insurgents to the people and the army."

The evidence of M. Trouvé-Chauvel, the Prefect of Police, a thorough republican, given on the Inquiry the 4th July, is as follows:—

"It is not by fighting in the streets, nor by barricades that the insurgents now want to proceed, but by assassination of women and children, by incendiarism and pillage. It is especially in the first, second, and tenth Arrondissements that they mean to put their infamous projects into execution."

With such authentic accounts as these, there

need be little hesitation in believing the design attributed to the insurgents, of inaugurating their social and democratic republic by a reign of terror more brutal than that of 1793.

In a collection of documents made by a National Guard, relative to the revolution, from February to June, there is the following paragraph:—"Upon several individuals who had been arrested, it is stated that papers were found, in which the insurgents had prepared beforehand the clauses of the capitulation of Paris—so certain did they feel of victory! These articles stipulated, 500 heads of their selection, 400 millions' indemnity for the workmen, four hours' plunder, the Red Republic and the constitution of 1793. Although these facts have been confirmed by a great many journals, it is hardly possible to give credit to them."

And over society there yet hangs the same avalanche of demoralisation, ready, should an opportunity be afforded, to overwhelm it in destruction.

The clubs may be closed, but how are the secret societies to be guarded against? Their history may serve to show their persevering activity. The first secret society of which we have an account, was formed in the year 1821, and was called the secret society of the *Charbonniers:* the society

would seem to have borrowed the heart of its organisation from the Jesuits: each member being provided with a musket and fifty cartridges, was bound to obey orders with blind devotion, although ignorant of the source from whence they issued. The members of the various lodges, called *Vente*, recognised each other by particular signs; no member of one lodge, or *Vente*, dared to enter another under pain of death, and although the students of the schools were almost all in the conspiracy, the secret was so well kept that Government had not the least suspicion of its existence.

The society *Des Amis du Peuple* was the most important of any that existed under the monarchy of July; it was discovered and suppressed, only to be transformed into the more famous society of the *Droits de l'Homme*. This society was formed in 1832, and the aim of its authors was to involve the whole country in a web of conspiracy. It was this society that organised the insurrection of April, 1834, which broke out simultaneously in Paris, Lyons, and St. Etienne. After these deplorable events it again dissolved, and was reorganised under the name of *Société des Familles*, which being suppressed in 1837, was once more organised under the name of *Société des Saisons*. The mystical names given to the several subdivisions

may serve to explain, not their construction only, but that of similar societies. A subdivision of six men was called a *week*, and the leader *Sunday*. Four weeks meeting together were called a *month*, and the leader *July*. Three months' meeting formed a *season*, and the chief was named *Spring*; four seasons made a *year*, and the commander-in-chief had the rank of a revolutionary agent. The chiefs were the notorious Barbès, Blanqui, and Martin Bernard. It was by this society that was directed the famous émeute of 12th May, 1839. The society having died with the émeute, gave rise to that of *Des Travailleurs Égalitaires*, of which Albert, a member of the Provisional Government of February, was a member. In lieu of the names *weeks*, *months*, &c. as in the *saisons*, were substituted *métiers*, *ateliers*, *fabriques*, &c. With the revolution of February the old secret societies met openly, under the authorised form of clubs; that of the *Droits de l'Homme* was the guiding spirit of the insurrection of June.

In considering the history of these societies, we cannot fail to be struck with the fact that the students and men of high political repute who, under the restoration entered such confederations, are not found in those which were formed under the reign of Louis-Philippe; they fell under the guidance of some desperados who carried the

views, which the schools had shaken off, into the working part of the population. The reason of this may be found in the spread of education, and a freer political government, which satisfied the minds of intelligent men by giving scope to their faculties, and opening parliamentary life to their energies. The student was not offended by the intrusion of the Jesuit; the professor might become minister of state. If the educated, the ardent, and the intelligent have been rescued from conspiracy, why might not the working man? In his case it is not so easy to point out remedies. The question for him, as regards education, is not one of freedom from an obnoxious influence, but how it is to be given, and of what quality; how he is to be made to feel and know that the state cares for him from his infancy to his age.

We have referred to the circumstance of the migrating tendencies of wealthy city inhabitants, and their consequences in leaving, as it were, deposits of poor. Might not some remedy against this evil be found? Suppose there should be formed in each Arrondissement, or as we might say parish, a committee charged with the superintendence of its interests—that this committee should keep a statistical account, marking the number of inhabitants and their ways of life, so that, in case particular branches of business,

for instance, should begin to decline,—the fact and its causes could be ascertained in time, so as to admit of remedies before total ruin should be accomplished. Then schools might be noticed —the number of pupils, and how they increase and decline, and why. If to such a society there were attached a sufficient number of active visitors; if there were established proper communication amongst the parochial committees, for the sake of consultation and advice, and again between them and the Government, much evil might be checked in the bud, the feelings and views of the population might be known and guided, and the working man would have the consciousness that he and his children were cared for. This may be a crude hint, but it is not fanciful: it is suggested by the evil itself; for if there were such a thing as local, active superintendence, an extension of municipal government consulting the welfare of every portion of society, it would follow, not that all the miseries of mankind would be prevented, but many of them would; at all events they would take a different form from that now presented, which is the most dangerous of any that can be conceived.

CHAPTER V.

THE ASSEMBLY—CAVAIGNAC PRESIDENT OF THE GOVERNMENT—HIS CABINET—GENERAL LAMORICIERE—M. SENARD—M. GOUDCHAUX—EAU SUCREE—REVIEW OF A MONTH—ABBE DE LAMENNAIS—MAUGUIN.

We may now resume our personal sketches of the National Assembly, according to the plan we have adopted, of connecting with the most prominent members notices of such questions as serve to illustrate the characters of individuals, the temper of the Assembly itself, or the general temper of the times.

In the sitting of the 28th June, General Cavaignac laid down his authority, when, after expressing their feelings of enthusiasm and gratitude, the Assembly determined upon confiding to him the executive power, with the title of President of the Council of Ministers, whom he should himself appoint. He at once presented a list of

the new administration: War, General Lamoricière; Interior, M. Senard; Foreign Affairs, M. Bastide; Justice, M. Bethmont; Commerce, M. Thouret; Public Instruction, M. Carnot; Finance, M. Goudchaux; Public Works, M. Recurt; Marine, Admiral Leblanc.

The first name on the list, General Lamoricière, filled every one with satisfaction—a more gallant little fellow never breathed. His name was well known to France long before his countrymen had learned to make more familiar acquaintance with the hero of Algeria. It was not lucky for his republican expectations, that towards the latter end of the monarchy he should have visited his country for the sake of seeking the honour of representing a constituency. When he did offer himself a candidate for a seat in the Chamber, all parties became desirous of obtaining possession of so brilliant a military reputation. As he was known to differ from Marshal Bugeaud on the question of the colonization of Algeria, the republicans, who held the Marshal in peculiar detestation, hoped to have found a rival capable of matching him in parliament. The adroit manner in which the young General contrived to elude the pledges that were put to him, irritated the republicans, and it was with evident annoyance they saw him take his seat on the conservative benches of the

centre gauche. As he confined himself to the special subject of the Algerine colonization question, he was but little committed to party. When the Revolution of February broke out, the General, with characteristic intrepidity, threw himself amongst the combatants of the Château d'Eau, opposite the Palais Royal, and tried to put a stop to the effusion of blood, by announcing the abdication of the King; in which endeavour he received a wound in the hand, and had his horse killed under him. Had the monarchy made a stand, and thrown itself upon the army, Lamoricière would have attacked the barricades with as much intrepidity as he did afterwards in June. At the tribune he was very successful. With Cavaignac, who seemed to love him, Lamoricière formed a contrast. The former, tall, dignified, and of that mild austerity bestowed with such miraculous art by Shakspeare upon Brutus. The latter, small, stout, black, curly-headed, and with soft, luminous, dark eyes, full of passion, *ruse*, and impetuosity, as if a young Frenchman of the Polytechnic school had been held by the heel in some magic river of the East, and come out half eastern. The Assembly roared one day with pleasant laughter, as Lamoricière bounded about on his bench, as if he were struggling with a wild courser of the desert, to see the grave Cavaignac,

his face relaxing into a smile, place his hand upon his comrade's head, and pat him into tranquillity. On ascending the tribune in the midst of noise and interruption, Lamoricière would thrust his hands into his side trousers' pockets, with the *naïveté* of an *enfant de troupe*, and wait to be heard. His retorts were generally excellent, from their pointed good sense, conveyed with an air of half malicious *bonhommie*. He floored the incoherent pedant Pierre Leroux one day with a word. The subject was Algeria: the philosopher carried his hearer through Greece and Rome, which was all very well, as Lamoricière said, if he had not left out the Arabs; and he asked leave, with much gravity, to supply the omission, as the Arabs were somewhat interested in a question relating solely to Algeria. The nomination of General Lamoricière to be Minister of War was received with the utmost favour by all sections of moderatism.

The new Minister of the Interior, M. Senard, had come into the Assembly with a high provincial reputation. He was an advocate, with whose fame the antique capital of Normandy resounded; but, like many other lawyers, his talent was not served by transplantation. His professional neatness of appearance gave him rather the air of an English solicitor than a French

democrat; and his guttural voice marked him to be a pure descendant of the sons of the north. He had the air of an ardent, busy, well-intentioned man, but not at all that of commanding talent. How he could have earned the high reputation he held, was rather a puzzle. His voice was peculiarly painful to listen to: he spoke as if in a state of chronic choking, and the words came out in abrupt gushes, like liquid from a bottle into which the cork has been pushed down; and yet this gentleman was to be the orator of the Cabinet!

Of M. Bastide we have already spoken: his appointment gave satisfaction for the reason that his name was regarded as a pledge of a peace policy with foreign powers. M. Bethmont was of the old moderate opposition party under the monarchy; M. Thouret, a quiet country democrat; M. Carnot's name was received with loud marks of disapprobation, and so was M. Recurt's. Admiral Leblanc did not accept office. We have, then, only to describe the new minister of finance, M. Goudchaux. Those who have had the pleasure to meet in the city of London, or on 'Change, one of those swarthy intelligent faces, indicating, like the name of the possessor, hereditary descent from some Huguenot of the time of Louis XIV, obliged to fly after the revocation of the edict of

Nantes, will have no difficulty in figuring to themselves the new minister of finance. He is a smart, well-combed, well-brushed, portly little man of sixty: they say he is a Jew, but he looks more like a merchant-methodist. Now this orderly little man happens to be one of the most sharp, personal-provoking, pistol-handling, little financiers on record. He was the first finance minister of the Provisional Government; but, with his well-known acumen, he saw ruin coming, and withdrew, leaving to Garnier Pagès the honour of announcing that the Republic had saved France from bankruptcy. He had reason to know the communist designs of a portion of the Provisional Government, to which the other portion were probably dupes; for M. Goudchaux sat at their council board when what was now a government had been a conspiracy. This was a little before the catastrophe of February, foreseeing which, and deeming it to be inevitable, the republican banker assembled his friends, and amongst others, Louis Blanc; when they came to compare notes, it was found that the party was divided. Louis Blanc was a rank communist, and a double conspiracy grew within the main conspiracy. While all regarded the fall of the monarchy as certain, the moderate republican conspired to exclude the communist, and the communist to get the republican down.

The monarchy fell, and Goudchaux and Louis Blanc met at the council board of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Blanc proposed the adoption of the *drapeau rouge*. Goudchaux threatened to resign in case that sinister banner should be upheld. Blanc retorted by saying that blood would flow, and that Goudchaux's head would be held answerable. Such was the fraternity behind the curtain. Goudchaux acknowledges that he held a battle to be inevitable, and was only anxious to see it take place in March or April, that it might be more easily settled than if the extreme party were allowed to extend their means and consolidate their organization.

When Blanc ensconced himself in the Luxembourg, and when the national *ateliers* were formed, Goudchaux, seeing that the communist element had been introduced and was in active operation, threw up office, and lost popularity out of doors. There is no man who runs such danger in revolutionary times as the moderate revolutionist who will not go the whole length with his party. He becomes a drag upon their designs, and a living censure of their conduct; he clashes with his brother conspirators, irritates their passions, and is devoted, in their minds, to destruction.

M. Goudchaux became very unpopular with the communists, because they expected that he would

have given the sanction of his name and example to some of the new-fangled notions of these dreamers in matters of finance. He was expected to have played the part of a banking Philippe Egalité,—to have descended from the financial aristocracy into the phalanstere of Considerant, the barter bank of Bourbon, or the communist establishment of tailors at Clichy, organised experimentally, and most unfortunately, by Blanc.

M. Goudchaux fell into the mistake that he could rule the conspiracy market as a Rothschild could rule the bourse, and send up the moderate and honest republican stock with the same facility with which he had cast down monarchy. Little did he foresee that the whole frame-work of society becoming disorganised, and every element of evil let loose, the worst must become the most active, and the moderate revolutionists be driven to self-defence. The banker stood by the bourgeois in their hour of peril, as firmly as the late Earl Grey stood by his order in the perilous battle of reform; his courage gave confidence to the trading classes, so that his adhesion to the cabinet of General Cavaignac was taken as a guarantee that there would be no compromise with societies and communism.

As a parliamentary speaker, M. Goudchaux failed: when he was interrupted he lost temper,

and his expressions of anger were neither keen or polished. His main resource in oratorial difficulties was the glass of *eau sucrée*, of which a constant supply is kept at the tribune. When M. Goudchaux was embarrassed for a sentence, he ran, for he was quick in all movements, to his glass of sugared water. His draughts were sometimes so repeated as to produce a ludicrous effect, and the more the house laughed, the more M. Goudchaux became embarrassed,—the more he became embarrassed the more frequently he ran to his tumbler; and all the while the bye-play of rapid supply and still more rapid demand, expenditure outstripping income, demand beating supply, debtor and creditor not able to keep in a line—made a very pleasant comedy for the Assembly, which the confused financier only heightened by an evident inability to see its drift.

With such a company we shall now have to see an almost untried manager at work—a man who had passed his days in the field away from his own country, a distant observer of a scene of politics in which he took no part; a man unused to parliamentary life—unacquainted with parties, one who had probably never made a speech in his life; such was the trying position in which General Cavaignac, by an extraordinary combination of circumstances, found himself placed. He had,

it is true, a grateful Assembly over which he had acquired great moral authority; but out of doors there was a vindictive population thirsting for vengeance, with the clubs in active existence to keep its animosity alive. There was an army hovering over the Alps, and he, a soldier, had to learn the whole question of foreign policy: a republican by character, he had to maintain martial law. A new man had come on the revolutionary stage—had the great man of the revolution been at length found?

It is now no longer necessary to take a daily note of the Assembly as it was previously to the insurrection of June, when each day's proceedings did something to advance, to retard, to modify, or affect in some way the inevitable struggle. Should another struggle take place, it will not be like the past, in so far as the Assembly is concerned. To mark the altered position of the Constituent would be to anticipate a subject to which we shall be carried by and bye. In the mean time, we will notice only the most remarkable sittings,—remarkable according to the view which has hitherto influenced our attention, as bringing out important men of whom we have not yet spoken, and in relation to topics with which their names are more immediately identified. Throughout the month of July there was hardly a *séance* of such a nature

as that it would serve our particular purpose to notice. The proceedings were generally of a sober and earnest character. Many of the crude decrees of the Provisional Government were abolished; and as the late Executive Commission of five and their Ministers were the authors of those decrees, each condemnatory act sounded like a posthumous vote of censure. The national *ateliers* were broken up by a simple ordinance of the chief of the executive power, who equally by his own authority kept on martial law, stopped the clubs, and held the journals under strict surveillance. The decree of the Provisional Government limiting the hours of labour was abolished; while labour exercised in prisons, but prohibited by the Provisional Government, was restored. It was found that unfortunate convicts who had been deprived of the privilege of toil, lest their productions should come in competition with those of the honest, became idiotic, or went mad, or threatened to sink into irreclaimable demoralization. The new Government hastened to repair the injustice that had been done to those persons who, having deposited their earnings in the savings' bank, had been forced to accept depreciated stock at a higher rate than the market price. The holders of treasury bills were compensated in some degree for the breach of faith

that was excused by the revolution, and there were better terms afforded to Tontine associations for their money, which had been ruthlessly seized hold of by the foundérs of the Republic. The Assembly also marked in particular and individual instances its feelings towards men who showed subversive or conservative tendencies.

M. Carnot, the Minister of Public Instruction, felt obliged to resign, in consequence of the disapprobation manifested on account of the exposure of a manual of political instruction which had been published under his patronage, and betrayed the wildest socialist tendencies.

M. Marie, on the other hand, who, notwithstanding that he was identified with the Provisional Government, and had formed one of the Executive Commission, was elected President of the Assembly, and was afterwards nominated Minister of Justice, on account of the firmness and integrity of his conduct. There was one moment of the old revolutionary interest on a day when the Abbé de Lamennais mounted the tribune to challenge the Government to prosecute him in the place of the printer of his journal, the *Peuple Constituant*. That little, shrivelled, snuff-begrimed man, who looked like an automaton carved out of unpolished mahogany, and whose voice could not be caught at a few paces' distance, had evoked by the

potency of his magic pen the fiercest passions of the revolution. His system was unlicensed democracy, without socialism. He was as much opposed to Louis Blanc as to the *République modérée*. He was a politican republican of the red red die. The apostate abbé would have taken a cardinal's hat for its colour. When the insurrection of June was quelled, he threw up his journal, exclaiming that the Republic was no more. He sat like a Marius amongst the ruins of the barricades, broke his wand like Prospero, and cast his book into the sea. For his parting maledictions his printer was held responsible, and the perverse old ex-priest thought he did an act of chivalry when he invited the thunderbolt of the law to his own head. The thunder of Cavaignac was not after all so very dreadful, and the *coup de théâtre* failed to produce any effect within doors or without.

The last week of July brought into the field some giants of the past and of the present. M. Thiers and M. Proudhon, the champion of the rights of property, and the man who frightened society with his heresy that "property is robbery," carried their controversy to the tribune. The Pasteur Coquerel brought in a bill for restraining clubs, and M. Mauguin resaddled and bridled his old war-horse, whose neighing in the first days of

the Revolution of July were echoed far and wide from the shores of Bucephalus, and from countries unknown to his master, Alexander. M. Mauguin, although older by eighteen years than when his sharp words, like arrows steeped in gall, used to make the proud, towering, and impetuous Casimir Perrier, that giant of peace, bound foaming to the tribune, this Monsieur, now Citizen Mauguin, is still a fine, tall, graceful man, with spirited, handsome features, and undimmed eye. In 1831 he was one of the most prominent and effective leaders of the war party; but as peace policy was firmly established through the courage of Casimir Perrier, who bore the heat of the day, leaving to his master the slow pertinacious effort of consolidation, the martial Mauguin was obliged to retire into his tent, and mourn over his useless sword. He became a Bonapartist, and for years consoled himself with the prospect of a Napoleon dynasty. The *Commerce* was for years regarded as a Bonapartist organ, deriving its inspiration from Mauguin. The latter either mistook his time, or time swept passed him too rapidly, for his opinions grew out of date, and he sank into neglect; so that notwithstanding his power of oratory and elegant elocution, he failed in latter years to attract the attention of the Chamber of Deputies. But had not his time come? He is in the National As-

sembly, after a revolution more sweeping than that of July, and he rises, to use his own language, at a moment when there are four different movements in Europe, "*Quatre mouvements, remarquez le bien, en état de guerre marchant avec le canon.*" The first was the movement of nationality. Its cannon was firing in Italy. The second was the movement of races, of which the strife between the Germanic and Sclavonic races afforded examples. The third was a territorial question, affecting the East, especially when Russia was establishing herself in Moldavia and Wallachia. And the fourth, the most serious of all, was that war of principles which had made battle-grounds of Vienna, Berlin, and of all Germany and Italy.

How happy must Mauguin have felt. The world was all before him, like a chess-board; he could move Russia here, Austria there, and show France check-mated; because, instead of rushing into the mêlée, and not allowing a battle to be fought without her presence, she remained inactive. Nothing could be more surprising than the ease and brilliancy with which the orator took asunder his dissected map, and held each country between his finger and thumb, giving an illustrated lecture on geography, with an account of the sea and land forces of every kingdom, its interests and its designs, like the *diable boiteux*, view-

ing the Spanish capital from the chimney top. Not only did he tell how fields were won, but he opened the doors of every royal Cabinet, until he closed the crowded and magic panorama with the old question, whether France was to allow all that to pass about her as the phantom of a dream seen by her in her apathetic sleep. How the world marches—how new sentiments take their unobserved yet certain growth! This impassioned, revolutionized France, as represented in her universal-suffrage chosen Assembly, was as deaf and as unmoved as the old Chamber to the voice of the martial charmer. A republican soldier, calm and unexcited, shakes off the arrows that stung old Casimir Perrier to death. German and slave, Austrian and Lombard, may fight; Russia may steal into the provinces of the Danube, Poland writhe, the Parliament of Frankfort declaim, Vienna and Berlin shake as from earthquakes, yet Mauguin cannot win a cheer from the Gallic democracy, stunned by the spectre of June.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PASTEUR COQUEREL.

It was on the Pasteur Coquerel that devolved the conduct of the law affecting clubs. This reverend gentleman, notwithstanding his high reputation, had not much success with the Assembly, which is the more surprising, as his speeches at the hustings were a series of popular triumphs. It is not from the effect produced in the pulpit that parliamentary power can be predicted, but the hustings might surely be supposed to reveal something of a speaker's peculiar qualifications for influencing popular assemblies. It was in a large *ménage*, or riding-school, in the Faubourg St. Martin, that a few days previous to the election for the department of the Seine, a preparatory meeting of the protestant democrats was

called for the sake of hearing the *profession de foi* of different candidates. Several candidates addressed that meeting: the most effective were M. Wolowski, M. Coquerel, and a young operative whose name I forget; and on a show of hands taking place these three were universally approved. This meeting so truly spoke the general feeling of the electoral body that two were chosen for seats in the Assembly, these two being M. Wolowski and M. Coquerel. Any one who had had the good fortune to have attended that meeting would have left it with a very favourable impression of French popular assemblies, and generally speaking the same may be said with reference to the clubs. If the French are not habituated to public political meetings, yet it must be remembered that they pass much of their time abroad in places of amusement, that they love theatres and shows; and from constant attendance of crowded places there is an established conventional system of order, a habit of quiet attention, and observance of mutual convenience, which does not desert them even when the scene is transferred to the club or place of public meeting. There is a spirit of order even behind the barricades, so that the Englishman accustomed to the harmless warfare of Covent Garden at a Middlesex election would be mistaken if he took the wonderful politeness

that marked preliminary hustings assemblages, and the still more wonderful calm with which millions of votes were dropped into the ballot-box with the noiselessness of a snow-shower, as certain proof that there was no subterranean fire, no gathering element of explosion.

M. Wolowski, the brother-in-law of Léon Faucher and a professor of the *Arts et Métiers*, spoke with deep earnestness of tone, unaccompanied by gesticulation. As common to all candidates, his speech manifested the deep interest he took in the working-classes; but although pressed on the subject he did not commit himself to the adoption of Louis Blanc's great panacea, the *organisation du travail*, although he admitted that all systems deserved the most profound study and attention. When M. Coquerel spoke after the somewhat cold and didactic professor, he excited a degree of enthusiasm such as is rarely manifested by Parisian assemblages; he recounted his various attendances at public meetings and his kindly reception by the working classes, amongst whom, he ventured to pledge himself, the doctrines of the Communists had made no progress. The working people gave no ear to incomprehensible theories, but looked for the amelioration of their condition to improved institutions.

A variety of questions were put to the reverend orator, all of which he answered with frankness, warmth, and commanding eloquence. In his case, it was not necessary for the chairman to call for a show of hands expressive of adoption of the candidate or the contrary, for when the President rose to do so he was anticipated by a universal burst of applause; and yet M. Coquerel, the admirable preacher, the captivating lecturer, the terse, logical and close writer, and, as we have seen, no bad hand at playing the demagogue, failed in the Assembly, but he failed as Lacordaire had failed, because he was a divine.

The Assembly had come charged with the traditions of the first revolution. A hollow liberality had allowed the bishop, the friar, the priest, and the dissenter to take their places in the great council of the nation, at the door of which they left their clerical titles, but could not, and they ought not, leave the sanctity of their character. It was that sanctity which gave offence to ignorant and intolerant infidelity. But after all, the Lacordaires and Coquerels were only treated as badly as the Berryers, and not so badly as the Thiers. The nervous and impassioned Lacordaire, although he fled from so insupportable a scene, yet by his over-excited eloquence hushed

into surprised attention his almost affrighted listeners; but the reasoning minister, accustomed not so much to exhortation as to argument, looked downcast, and his voice that could ring like a hautboy, sunk into a weak thin nasal sound. In committee, however, M. Coquerel maintained the authority of his mind and word. He was chosen to draw up the report on the law for suppressing the clubs; he took an active part in the preparation of the constitution; and what was more important still, to his hand was confided the great work of drawing up the system of poor-laws, to which the Assembly stood pledged by its affirmation, inscribed in the constitution, that the poor have a right to assistance from the State—a subject to which we shall have to recur as we proceed.

M. Coquerel on entering the Assembly took his seat on the same bench with M. Odilon Barrot, and amongst the ex-members of the old Chamber of Deputies that belonged to the constitutional opposition. His attitude implied that he accepted and would support a moderate republic, respecting the fundamental rights of property and family, and treating religious sects with toleration. Was there not toleration under the monarchy? Yes and no. There was no persecution certainly, but there was every discouragement offered to the rise

and spread of religious sects. The law tolerated sects and even made pecuniary allowance to ministers; but a religious meeting could not be held without license from the local authorities, and such license was generally withheld. The Government of the Monarchy entertained such a nervous horror of public meetings and clubs, that it feared lest religious societies should be made a convenient cloak for political parties, or that the habit, if allowed to grow, might extend to political associations. Perhaps they had the history of Charles I and of Cromwell, of the presbyterian fifth-monarchy men and Long Parliament before their eyes, and all that coupled with their own staunch Huguenots; but certain it is, that with all their boasted liberality and real indifference, there was a very effectual, although indirect repression of biblical sects; so much so, that if such men as M. Coquerel viewed the advent of the Republic with hope, they did so in the joy which all ardent lovers of the dissemination of what they believe to be truth must feel when emancipated suddenly from galling restrictions. Such men looking to the cause they have at heart regard means as in the hands of Providence; politics take a second rank in their minds, and if they accept a republic with promises of freedom coming after a monarchy

which allowed it, but in a stinted measure, they are not on that account factious or lovers of change.

We have now before us M. Thiers; but he deserves a chapter to himself.

CHAPTER VII.

M. THIERS.

THE most brilliant part of M. Thiers' monarchical parliamentary career, if the phrase be admitted, was perhaps its close. Whether there yet be reserved for this gentleman new triumphs under the republican, or some future modification of popular or constitutional government, it is not given to us to predict; but should such triumphs be reserved for him, they will afford but fitting compensation for the bitterness of the mortification he has had to endure at the hands of the revolution. The last appearance of M. Thiers in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, and his first in that of the National Assembly, formed quite a contrast. Between these events another had occurred. He was Minister for a few hours,

—long enough to compromise his character with the republican, without effecting any good for the throne.

Let us revert to his last appearance in the Chamber of Deputies. For two years or so previously, M. Thiers had taken no part in public debates. To those who have watched the public career of politicians, it would seem as if the recognised leaders of parties bidding for power, only made a movement in advance, when a fair chance was presented of effecting a practical triumph. How often have they, who are familiar with the idiomatic language of the political salons, heard the speech of a Count Molé or a M. Thiers designated an Act. The fact of such men making opposition speeches has been taken to indicate coming changes of administration. The appearance of M. Thiers in the debate on the unlucky speech which opened the parliament of 1848, was regarded as "an Act." It had taken possession of the popular belief, that this eminent person had abandoned all notion of office during the life-time of the King, and that he held himself in reserve for the regency. He knew that he never could force on the King an acceptance of his famous maxim, *Le Roi règne mais ne gouverne pas;* and he thought that he foresaw so clearly under the weaker rule of a regent,—with the impulses of a

popular kind that acquire vigour from new reigns—the advent of parliamentary government, that he deemed it not worth his while to put the Monarchy in peril by engaging in a premature struggle. Nor was he in fact personally hostile to the King, or desirous of making himself obnoxious to the reigning family. He gave striking proof of his disposition in that respect, by supporting the Regency Bill which Louis-Philippe had so much at heart.

The Duc de Nemours, the eldest son of the King, was generally unpopular. The Duchess of Orleans much respected. Thiers had been a favourite guest of the salons of her husband, was regarded as his future Minister, and had he declared for the mother of the Comte de Paris, he might, had he been so disposed, have thwarted very much the desires of the Court. However incompatible his views with those of the King, the latter could not regard him in the light of an enemy to his throne. The regency would, according to the calculations of human foresight, bring about naturally the great object he had in view—the heading an administration independent of the Court, relying solely on the majority in parliament, as parliament was then constituted; for M. Thiers had no taste for Odilon Barrot's reform.

A younger man than M. Guizot by eleven years,

and younger than M. Molé by twice that sum, without any rising competitor of equal fame, M. Thiers might have felt warranted in regarding the future as his own. Although silent in the Chambers, he was busy in his closet, from which issued at becoming intervals the huge tomes of his History of the Consulat and the Empire. The book was doubly a study to the curious. The History of the Revolution by the same author had been called a pamphlet *monstre*, directed against the Restoration, and when it had overthrown it, or aided to do so, formed the pinnacle on which stood the young Minister of Louis-Philippe. Was the History of the Empire but a preface to another gigantic effort for remodelling the map of Europe, with the Rhine for the boundary of France, and all other countries the vassals of her will? Many thought so; and M. Thiers tried to reassure the many; but his moderation was distrusted, and his moralizings about insensate ambition treated as simple mystifications. M. Thiers, in one sense a bad historian of the Republic, was, by his very defects, a good historian of the Empire. His first work has not been unjustly treated as a deification of force, his second is a narrative of the acts of the consummate wielder of force.

If it required a deeply philosophical spirit to deal with the Revolution, the absence of philosophy

is not felt in treating of invasions, of battles, of wide devastation and ruin, of selfish ambition, of crushing despotism, however mingled with taste for practical science applied solely to domination, or appreciation for the fine arts regarded with a view to its decoration. Before M. Thiers set about erecting a temple to Napoleon, he had bowed the knee to Danton. Human energy is his idolatry. The physical, and not the moral, holds supreme sway over his sympathies. You would search all Thiers in vain for a thought that would show him of the race of Pascal. If Napoleon suffers, it is not because he has proved rebel to the great laws of his Creator, but because of some violation of the Talleyrand code of morality—he committed a fault, and "a fault is worse than a crime." His erring hero was simply unskilful, or carried away by passion. Nevertheless it must be allowed, that the author sometimes approaches the borders of the purest regions of moral science. His mind, like all strong minds, tends towards order. It repels anarchy, with its fanciful fitful imbecile efforts to produce anything good or great. This love of order as exhibited in sympathy with strong power giving unity to the state, rises to an analogous appreciation of the harmony imposed by the everlasting will. M. Thiers would seem to know,

and to understand rather than to feel, the beauties of moral truths. He not unfrequently writes about them, but they make no part of his nature. Yet it would seem that those best qualified to judge do not think so, for Thiers contrived to win from the side of M. Guizot, and to make devoted friends of such men as Remusat and Duvergier de Hauranne, while Cousin is one of the illustrious of his party and his personal friend. Yet friendships are often the creation of temperament and temper, rather than of agreement in speculative opinion.

Doctors do not always relish being doctored. The axioms of the leader of the doctrinaires might have been wise, but the manner thereof unpleasant. How unconsciously does a tone jar on a susceptibility. The fault may be mutual; but it is not always that we find even philosophers in constant company. The lord of the forest dwells alone. The spectator seated in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, had only to keep his eye on Thiers upon any day of his self-devoted mutism, to gather his nature from the unconscious sparks that played forth unceasingly from his features and his person. Look at the little man, as he enters with the jerking movement of the *Gamin de Paris*, and yet he is fifty. He is dressed in many colours; his coat light brown; his trousers light

grey; his waistcoat blue: his neckcloth some other colour; his little bright boots, as if his feet had been cut out of ebony. His smile, which is perennial, expresses a sort of undefinable *finesse* —a love of merry mischief; and should the opposition storm and the minister look annoyed, the little hands will rub together; the eye will flash through the spectacles, and the grey hair appear on the head of that wild boy as a freak of nature. Such would Thiers look as he seated himself amongst his friends after his morning's labour, begun at perhaps five o'clock. How much this expansive, thoroughly French temperament may have had to do in attaching graver natures, the acute reader will probably determine for himself.

The debate on the address in reply to the King's speech on the opening of the final session of 1848, brought out M. Thiers. He could no longer maintain silence. Some one hundred members—his own immediate friends, or his allies—had been offended by an unfortunate paragraph which described those who had taken part in the reform banquets as "hostile or blind." All considerations of party policy gave way before a sting to *amour-propre*. The battle had become personal. M. Thiers had not attended any of those banquets, and was believed to have disapproved of their object, however he may have

relished the embarrassments which they occasioned to ministers. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the opposition, and attacked ministers in a series of speeches of extraordinary power. As each paragraph of an address must be voted separately, so each paragraph may give rise to a protracted debate. The leader of the *centre gauche* took advantage of the opportunities afforded by parliamentary regulations, and he reviewed separately and apart, the Spanish marriages, the Italian policy, Swiss policy, domestic legislation, financial blunders, and, in fine, the whole administration, displaying very remarkable versatility. The public appeared to be enchanted with M. Thiers—the applause of the galleries echoed vehemently that of the opposition benches. The members of the royal family came to hear the attractive orator. M. Guizot, his great rival, had been suffering from the prevailing influenza, and was hardly equal to the struggle imposed on him by necessity. Yet how much more than a ministerial question was at stake. Ministers and monarchy disappeared. Reform escaped from M. Barrot; there was no regency for M. Thiers. A figure of the Empire rose for a moment before his eyes, but he regarded it as a mockery. The most overwhelming unpopularity came like an avalanche thundering down, threatening to crush him at

the moment that he appeared to be reaching the summit of greatness. He took to his bed, and for a while his friends felt alarm; but so buoyant a nature could not long remain the derision of his enemies. He got up, and sounded the depths of the turbulent current that threatened to sweep away all that was precious to civilized man, and he scornfully measured its baselessness and shallowness. Thiers, who could not find a constituency in April, was returned by five in May: and this mark of reaction, instead of proving to the Red Republican of the Paris clubs, how general was the esteem for this gentleman's genius, only excited more their rage. His house had to be protected by military, and on one occasion a shot was fired at his friend Maquet, while he was ringing at the door, who from his wearing a white hat, and being of similar height, was taken by the assassin for Thiers himself.

On the 26th July M. Thiers appeared for the first time in the tribune of the National Assembly. He had previously taken an active part in committee, but this was his first appearance before the Assembly. His object was to place a report in the hands of the President, relative to a proposition of a very singular kind that had been submitted by the Communist champion Proudhon, who, in order to revive trade, which had suffered

so much by the revolution, and to relieve distress, offered a plan to the Assembly, which consisted of a sort of confiscation of one-third of rents of all kinds, and interest on public securities. According to this project of M. Proudhon, farmers and renters of houses and apartments would have to pay but two-thirds of their rents. Debtors could discharge their obligations by a tender of two-thirds of their debts; and the same principle would be made to apply to all sorts of contracts. The state would adopt the same rule with regard to the public creditors, and towards all persons receiving pensions.

The calculation of this famous speculator was, that the whole amount of money that would be gained by farmers, renters of houses, debtors, &c., would reach the immense sum of three milliards of francs, or 120,000,000*l.* sterling. The half of this going to the State, would save the necessity of imposing a year's taxation, to the relief of the people; and the other half should be employed in the revival of manufactures, trade, and commerce. The proposition, having, according to rule, been referred to the Finance Committee, M. Thiers was chosen to draw up a report rebutting the calculations of Proudhon, and refuting his reasoning. It was with this report in his hand that he made his first bow to the Assembly. Conscious of the ill

reception that awaited him, M. Thiers simply laid his paper on what we would call the table of the House. He did not hurry away, but lingered, suspecting, not unsagaciously, that the curiosity of members would overcome their antipathy; for with Frenchmen the former is in truth the stronger feeling. He was loudly called upon to read his report, which every one knew to be charged with provocation to personal controversy. Still he did not evince any *empressement*, but with well affected *sang froid* fingered for some moments with the document, until repeated calls induced him to comply with what appeared to be a generally expressed wish. The paper possessed in a high degree the peculiar excellencies of the author: clear statement of his adversaries' arguments, so clear, indeed, as to make the absurdity show itself, and render refutation almost superfluous; the refutation then following fresh and agreeable by its lucidity and happiness of expression.

As we shall soon have to exhibit M. Proudhon in person, we need not dwell here upon the system which M. Thiers successfully confuted. To M. Thiers we confine ourselves. The principles which he on this day introduced into his report were subsequently expanded by him into his famous work on property, in which he examined the doctrines of the Communists and the

Socialists on that subject, with sharp critical power, that overthrew their theoretic plans, but stopped there.

No man whose mind has been imbued with Socialist ideas, will rise satisfied from a perusal of this book. He will require to know something more than that the systems offered by Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and Considerant, are each defective, and at the same time so repel each other that they cannot be combined. It will probably strike such a man, that there is less offence in proposing a vicious remedy for the manifest evils of the social system, than in holding the prevailing system to be incapable of remedy. "Whatever is, is best," may be a good maxim, taken in the extensive range of the philosophic view which sees one state as a link in the chain to another state, until step by step advances are made towards high improvement; but if the maxim be frigidly offered to the revolutionist and the socialist, as a dictum of fate, he will not accept it as a final answer to his objections, or a barrier to his efforts. Reasoners like M. Thiers show, or endeavour to show, that there has taken place a steady degree of improvement in the condition of the working classes, from which an inference is sought to be drawn that improvement will go on, although never in such a way as to confound

all ranks and degrees of social condition. So much for the material part of the argument, while for the moral, it is shown with more success, that suffering is of no station.

But this mode of argument, however generally sound, does not reach far enough; because especially with reference to the material point, it is a moot question—that of the advanced physical improvement of the working classes. From the alterations brought into the habits of industry by the introduction of steam machinery and other causes, there arises a new order of facts, and new views, with which M. Thiers has not grappled; and thus although his work levelled with such force against communists and socialists, is good as far as it goes, yet it by no means exhausts the question.

This is what we should have expected from the author. M. Thiers is eminently a matter of fact man: he is an *esprit positif*. Moral philosophy, ethics, metaphysics, religion, all that relates to the soul of man, may be apprehended by so lucid an intelligence, but not affected. On this account it is that M. Thiers has only irritated the socialists of all shades, who perceiving his unfitness for the task of helping society in what they conceive to be a transitive state, regard him as an interloper whose low views interpose an impediment in the

way of a proper understanding of social questions, and tend to confirm the *bourgeois* in his prejudices.

It is feared, moreover, that he has no better remedy at hand than a diversion of the minds of the working classes by the exploded vulgarity of brutal war. Man is in his eyes a machine of government, *chair à canon*—so thinks the socialist—while the politician treats the author as an intriguant, who thinks ends justificatory of means. And then it is that because this eminent statesman and historian labours under the defect of a want of moral elevation, that his testimony against socialism has been received with angry protestations, while at the hands of politicians he does not fare much better. He is not a man who has betrayed principles, because he has never had principles. His nature is a negation of such gifts. He can deal only with externals, and with externals he can deal incomparably; therefore he is well fitted to be the historian of a Bonaparte, as he might have made a Louvois under a Louis XIV, a good administrator—a good General probably, and mayhap a wise financier or minister of public works—but a prime minister—no! His short administration in 1840, laid the foundation of incalculable evils, and separated from him

the conservative party as constituted under the monarchy. As a politician, he had against him those conservatives; he had also the legitimists in the ranks of his foes, although Berryer and he loved to converse in private; the republicans looked on him with aversion, so did all classes of socialists. In fine, when Thiers entered the Assembly, he saw before him a congregated mass of political hatred or distrust, enough to subdue almost any amount of courage. Yet he did not give away. Seldom, it is true, did he brave the insults of the mountain; but he took an active part in organizing the benches of the right, and the influential club of the *Rue de Poictiers* owed much of its strength and importance to his exertions.

As he showed some hesitation in recognizing the claim of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, he awakened the personal distrust of the Bonapartists; but the brilliant historian of the Empire never could be regarded otherwise than with esteem and respect by the heir of the Emperor. There was also on record the translation of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, one of the first acts of Thiers as prime minister in 1840. Thus, on reviewing the life and conduct of this eminent individual, we see how it is that,

distrusted as a public man and by so many parties, he is yet so attaching and winning, that while his immediate party owns him as chief, he counts friends from all. Our sketch would not be, we shall not say complete, but finished, such as it is, without a word or two about his manner at the tribune. To an appearance by no means imposing, as we have already seen, nature has added the defect of a very bad voice. Sometimes it is wheezy and whispery—sometimes it is a squeal—but as the orator warms, it would seem as if he had by sheer strength of will overcome physical deficiencies, and his voice becomes clear, loud, and impressive. His style is, generally speaking, conversational, simple, and unaffected, without much gesture. His memory must be wonderful, for he has hardly a note before him even when going through complex financial criticisms, for which he has evidently a marked predilection. He has been known to correct from his seat statements of finance ministers, made from documents in hand, while he trusted to his memory only, with invariable accuracy. His language, always limpid in his impassioned moments, flows out in astonishing abundance. His strong square head, as seen in the tribune, atones for the general meanness of his appearance. Such is Thiers—with a mind powerful but *matériel* in its cast, of

fascinating manners, despite personal defects, with an implacable host of political foes, and yet friends from the ranks of all parties, admired for his talents but held dangerous from his inherent blindness to principle.

CHAPTER VIII.

M. PROUDHON.

AMIDST the general wreck that followed the Revolution of February there arose a prodigious number of speculations and plans, the adoption of any one of which would, in the opinion of the author, change the face of society. It was remarked that the inmates of the mad-people's hospital of Charenton had caught the general infection, so that it became a question whether it was all Paris that had grown mad or all Charenton wise, for, in truth, all distinction between both had ceased. Every piece of a wall or practicable corner had assumed the most picturesque appearance; placards of all colours—red, yellow, green, pink, and striped, on one half-length this colour and the other that, like a pair of panta-

loons made according to the fashion of the middle ages, fascinated attention by the most colourable schemes of prosperity. It was an *embarras de richesse;* a patriotic finance-minister, anxious not merely to relieve public distress but desirous of letting in a flood of milk and honey, had only to go to the nearest wall for an idea, more bright than had ever dawned on finance-minister, before. The people instead of employing their hands at toil thrust them into their sidepockets, fixed their eyes upon visionary California, and enjoyed ecstatic illusions, as if the golden boughs of the gardens of the Hesperides were stooping of themselves to their mouths—Was it not worth while making a revolution for such an opium dream? Reverie and passion are near neighbours; it is better to set the hand than the brain to work. There was a very ominous and very menacing speculation mania in that mad-hare month of March of the year of grace 1848. Even so sober and shrewd a man as Emile de Girardin elaborated *une idée par jour*. Amidst the dancing shower of rainbow bubbles one project, that of an exchange bank by Citizen—they were all *Citoyens* in those days—P. J. Proudhon attracted some attention, and men of approved sagacity gave way to it; the proprietor in order to make converts to his system published a newspaper called *Le Représentant du*

Peuple, and to help his Exchange Bank, the banker-in-chief proclaimed property to be robbery. Such doctrine ruined the speculator but it made the man, for to the astonishment, rather let us say to the affright and bewilderment of all who clung to existing society, the author of this terrific sentence was returned a member for the department of the Seine, by an imposing mass of upwards of 60,000 votes. *The Représentant du Peuple* could no longer be poohed at. It was the organ of a man, who, if he had 60,000 votes, had the faux-bourgs for readers.

It was soon discovered that this hitherto little known name was attached to treatises of a philosophical and an economical character. The publisher of M. Proudhon, to his surprise, found himself, amidst the general deterioration of property, one of the few men who was in the way of making money, and that by means of a man whose mission was to effect its destruction. The effect produced by the perusal of the author's works was such as, perhaps, few readers could satisfactorily describe to themselves; all that man is accustomed to hold dear, was denied. Paradox, such as made Rochefoucauld appear tame, and Rousseau in his most fitful moment of misanthropic sensibility rational and calm, came from the apathetic hand of Proudhon as the soberest common place. His

works formed a series of negations. He would admit nothing. Construction, according to his fashion, should be preceded by universal destruction. By a daring analogy, he claimed, for his special convenience, a universal chaos as a necessary preliminary to order; he went further, for he painted man as the rival of his Creator, and did not shudder at drawing the creature of beneficent disposition, and the Maker the contrary. He did indeed create, for he created God according to an image of his own, and so went beyond the dullness of Atheism into the perversity of blasphemy, for sake of indulging in which, he condescended to make a Deity. The man who could think thus and act thus, had a vigour of his own. Proudhon can clothe his sophisms in powerfu language; he is a very nervous writer, one who imposes on himself no less than on others.

When this M. Proudhon ascended the tribune on the 31st of July, to develop the strange financial scheme described in the sketch of M. Thiers, the author of the maxim that property is robbery, and others on sacred subjects, that could not, with due regard to the reader's feelings, be repeated, he was looked at with curiosity, as a human phenomenon. The world had heard of Abbé de Mablys and Babous, of Atheists, Communists and Revolutionists; but anything like a

Proudhon had never been heard of or seen before. His external appearance had nothing, however, of a remarkable character. He is a stout-made man of about forty years of age; his head is good; he has fair hair and not in abundance; is not florid or pale; his features are plain, his upper lip rather protruding; dresses with propriety; and altogether, he looks, through his spectacles, very like a Scotch mechanic about to give an amateur lecture on some branch of physics—such is the outer man of the terrible destroyer Proudhon. His speech, which he read, was a defence of socialism, and his plan for renovating society with which a good portion of it was taken up, may be briefly described.

The problem which he sought to solve was, he said, the *droit au travail;* and he considered that labour might be guaranteed to all men if an unlimited consumption could be secured. In other words,—if, from the extent of consumption, labour should be in the greatest possible request, then the state might safely guarantee labour to all. Looking at the boundless wants of highly civilized society it was evident, that if people had only means to satisfy all their wants, consumption would be without limit. The faculty of a nation's power of expenditure might be estimated from that of a rich man, who, in the gratification

of his tastes, was able to lay out almost any amount of money. He repudiated altogether the notion of a partition of property, for he recognized the correctness of the calculation, that if all the possessions of the country were partitioned amongst the inhabitants, there would not be more than 15 sous for each, per day. M. Proudhon, would accordingly raise the wealth of the country to ten times its present amount, so that there would be for each man's daily expenditure, ten times as much as he has now. What then, he asked, was it that prevented this taking place? The answer was found in the new character which property had assumed in modern days, and which was its circulating form. A man's effects were in convertible securities, so that whatever impeded circulation, caused general loss. The impediments to circulation were of four kinds:—

1st. The exclusive use of gold and silver as instruments of exchange.

2nd. The interest payable for its use, by the borrower to the lender.

3rd. By the assimilation of all sorts of capital, with machinery and land to money, so that the instruments by which man produced were all, like money, submitted to payment of interest.

4th. That in fine this fascination which gold had for men, led to this consequence, that instead

of men producing for sake of spending according to the measure of labour, they produced for sake of hoarding up gold, and capital; so that by means of this accumulation they might exempt themselves from labour, live without producing, and make the operation lost for them.

He drew from these propositions the conclusion, that while France produced only ten milliards, there was a fourth of this sum under pretext of savings subtracted from circulation, and so far useless in causing consumption, and remaining stagnant. Thus every farthing lying in Savings' Banks, or other Banks, was according to M. Proudhon, so much power of production and consumption lost, and, as it were, so much taken from the general sum of wages, and from the comforts of the people. As a consequence of this discovery he was led to the idea of forming a "Bank of Exchange." Now let us pause here to ask, what is a Bank of Exchange? It means this, that a depôt is opened in which a manufacturer or producer of any kind, can at once place his productions, which being useless to himself for immediate purposes, may at once be exchanged for some other sort of production of which he stands in immediate need. Gold and silver money being abolished and put on the footing of marketable commodities, the producer might at once take the articles he requires in lieu

of his own, which would be simple barter, or receive some note, or paper sign of value, which he would take to the shop of some other producer, and help himself accordingly.

We find, then, that money being abolished, a commercial principle of hitherto recognized power becomes abolished also—for price is no longer regulated by demand: how can it be, when supply is told that it cannot, do what it will, reach the ravenous consumption created by the Exchange Bank. We arrive however at one fact—there must be paper money, and as paper money may be made to any amount, there need be no want of that commodity at all events. When the maker of anything, a hat, or pair of shoes, for example, goes to the Exchange Bank, it is a settled point, that he has only to ask for the price, receive it, go to the baker, receive bread, and a smaller note in change, and be joyful. But when the hat is presented for the note, who is to settle the value of the hat? Is it the banker? Now the banker has no interest in the matter, for all interest is abolished as hurtful to circulation. How it must still be asked, is the value of the hat, or pair of shoes to be ascertained? When there was a gold and silver currency, the sign was at once found and could be expressed in paper. We may suppose that the hatter before he brings his hat, would

make an inventory of his domestic wants, and say, give me so much bread, so much meat, so much drink; would he then receive in exchange, a bread note, meat note, milk note, &c.? which he might take to the baker, butcher, &c., &c.

This he should do, for let us suppose that in this bazaar, the Bank of Exchange, he could find these several articles against his hat. Yet if accounts be kept at all, there should be entries of exchange, and exchange of notes from one hand to another, and from one counter to another.

The system so far as we have gone, or can see through it, would seem to dispense with foreign trade; for gold and silver ceasing to circulate as money would soon disappear; it need not be imported, for it would not be wanted, and its exportation in abundance would soon take place, through the demand of foreigners; and it would follow, that as none need such riches, with a view of hoarding up, so none need run the risks and hardships of sea voyages, for sake of seeking articles to exchange for matters of present necessity or enjoyment. The system supposes therefore an exclusive home dealing. The Bank being established, the object to be obtained would be universal comfort. There would be no rich, and no poor—or rather all would be rich in the enjoyment of a full return for the utmost amount

of the products of industry; and as a man's children after him, would through life have all that they could enjoy, with the assurance of similar abundance for their children after them, it would in point of fact arrive at the same point, as if property descended in direct inheritance. Such is a general idea of the Bank of Exchange, which if we did not endeavour to explain, the speech of M. Proudhon, that we are more immediately considering would not be intelligible. Coming to the proposition on which M. Thiers had made the report to which we have already referred, he said that the demand he had made, to have rents reduced a third, debts reduced a third, payments of interest and salaries a third, was for the sake of creating an immediate and temporary fund, while putting into operation his great socialist plan of a Bank of Exchange; and as he considered that the Revolution of February was the breaking up of the old society and the inauguration of a new, he proposed to proceed forcibly with his scheme—and this, he said, is the sense of my proposition. It is from the *Moniteur* that the following is extracted.

1st. Authoritative announcement to property, and to the bourgeois class, of the sense and object of the Revolution of February.

2nd. Alternative address d to property to proceed to a social wind up (*liquidation*), and at

the same time to a contribution on its part to the revolutionary work; or the proprietors shall be rendered responsible for the consequences of their refusal, and under all reserves.

Several members cried out, "Comment! sous tous réserves! Explain yourself."

M. Dupin.—"It is clear enough! Your purse or your life!"

Here was an explosion of angry interruption, after which M. Proudhon said, "It signifies that in case of refusal we will ourselves proceed to their liquidation without you." (Violent murmurs.)

Numerous Voices.—"You? Who are you?" (Agitation.)

M. Ernest de Girardin.—"Do you mean the guillotine?" (Questions are addressed to the speaker from all sides.)

The President.—"I invite every one to silence. The orator has a right to explain his meaning."

M. Proudhon.—"When I made use of the pronouns *you* and *we*, it is evident that I identified myself with the proletarial, and that I identified you with the *la classe bourgeoise*." (New exclamations.)

M. de St. Priest.—"It is social war."

A Member.—"It is the 23rd of June at the tribune."

Several Voices.—"Let him go on, let him speak."

It is not necessary to pursue the day's proceedings further. M. Thiers, in order to express his own and the Assembly's contempt for the speaker, disdained to make any reply; and on a division it was found that only one individual, a M. Greppo, voted with M. Proudhon.

The manner of this gentleman while delivering a speech that, from its extremely subversive and revolutionary character, threw the Assembly into fits of fury, was not only calm but heavy, and had nothing in it of a studiously offensive character. Resting for the most part on both hands spread out, and with his eyes fastened on the calculations before him, he would utter in his soft voice some astounding expression, and when the murmurs of his hearers had warned him of the shock he had given their feelings, he would look up with the most innocent surprise, assure them that what he was saying was for their good, that it was unfortunate for them if they failed in understanding him, and then resume his dissertation with steady monotony. There is in this singular man a strange compound of *naïveté* and rudeness, prodigious pride, a self-opinion that repels all shade of suspicion of his own possibility of error, while he has no sort of coincidence with the views of other men. He sits on the mountain, by the side of his one simple worshipper, M. Greppo. The Mon-

tagnards are the butt of his sarcasm, on account of the emptiness of their plans, and the vulgar barrenness of their violent notions. He and Pyat exchanged blows one day, and the philosopher was obliged to place himself in what he felt to be the ridiculous attitude of a fire-eater.

Proudhon's account of himself is, that before he set out for Paris he acted as clerk in a commercial house at Lyons. While in that capacity, in the year 1847, he watched with anxiety what appeared to him the "blind and passionate struggle" which the Opposition party, under Odilon Barrot and Thiers, had commenced against the Conservative party, represented by the King and M. Guizot. At that time the Republican party formed but a feeble minority, which threw its weight into the Opposition side of the scale. So far from sympathising with the Opposition, this observer saw with dread the first reform banquet take place, for he was shrewd enough to perceive that should the Conservative party succumb, there opened a gloomy vista of suffering for the working classes, in whose fate he, as a socialist, felt the deepest interest. His acquaintance with the feelings of the working classes, to which he himself belonged, and the nature of his own studies and writings, convinced him that the result would be different from what the Opposition aimed at, for that the

throne and society would fall together. The greatest anguish took possession of him, from which even the death of his mother could not divert his feelings, and he learned how far country is above family, so that, to use his own characteristic classical illustration, he could comprehend Regulus and Brutus.

He came to Paris. Republican in the college, the workshop, and the office, he trembled, he tells us, at the blindness of his friends, who failed to see that the Republic was so near. His cause of fear was, that the event should come prematurely, and before the idea had been matured, according to which the new society would be formed. Whatever faith Republicans might have had, they were deficient in science. Criticisms on the state of society had appeared in abundance, but they were vague, sentimental, and mystic; and out of the declamatory chaos no light had broken. The daily press said nothing about socialism, and the general reader had thought nothing of the question. And yet—but we must quote his own expressions, they are so characteristic of the man:—

"And yet the Revolution, the Republic, Socialism, the one supporting the other, were coming in strides! I saw them. I touched them. I fled before the democratic and social monster, of which I could not explain the enigma. An inexpressible

terror froze my soul, so as to deprive me even of thought. I cursed the Conservatives, who laughed at the rage of the Opposition; and I cursed even more the Opposition, which with blind fury was tearing up the foundations of society; and I implored my friends to abstain from taking part in a mere question of prerogative, which was leading without preparation to the Republic. I was neither believed nor comprehended. I wept for the poor operative, whom I saw doomed to idleness, and to many years misery—that poor operative to whose defence I had devoted myself, and whom I would be unable to succour. I wept for the bourgeoisie that I saw ruined, driven to bankruptcy, excited against the proletarial; and yet I should be obliged, by the antagonism of ideas and the force of circumstances, to combat that class which I was disposed to pity."

In fine, he mourned because the fact was coming before the idea; as if Providence, contrary to rule, meant this time to strike before warning. All seemed to him, therefore, frightful, unexampled, paradoxical. It was on this account, and because of his devouring anxiety, that, to again use his own language, "I blamed the Sicilians for their revolt against a detested master; I became irritated with the Pope for his thoughtless liberality, for which he is now paying the penalty of exile;

I disapproved of the insurrection of the Milanese, offered up vows for the Sonderbund, and I—disciple of Voltaire and of Hegel that I was—I applauded M. de Montalambert pleading before an aristocratic chamber the cause of the Jesuits of Fribourg."

On the 21st of February he exhorted his friends not to combat; on the 22nd he breathed freely as he saw the Opposition going to beat a retreat. The evening of the 23rd dissipated his illusions; the firing before the hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs changed his feelings in a moment, and he became filled with revolutionary enthusiasm. He was no longer the same man; he resolved on taking an active part in the Revolution. He repaired to the office of the *Réforme* paper, and, with his own hands, set up a portion of a proclamation, drawn up by Flocon, in which the dethronement of Louis-Philippe was declared. Having done this, he took his gun and sallied out to a barricade. The Revolution being completed, he returned to his chamber and gave himself up to reflection; the result of his meditations was, that the problem to be solved was the organization of labour. He gives Louis Blanc the credit of having been the first to pose this question. To himself, Proudhon resolved the solution, which he has found in his plan for an organization of

credit and of circulation, or in plain terms his Exchange Bank. But those who would think that so prosaic a conclusion was a great falling off from such exalted sentiments as we have been copying and describing, view the matter differently from our philosophic speculator. Hear him.

"I form an enterprise which has never had its equal, and which none shall ever equal. I desire to change the basis of society, to displace the axis of civilization, to make the world, which has hitherto, under the impulse of the Divine Will, turned from west to east, move henceforward by the will of man, from east to west. To effect this, it only requires that the relations between labour and capital shall be reversed, in such wise, that the former, which has always obeyed, may command, and that the latter, which has commanded, may obey."

This inversion of the order of labour and capital is to be effected by the Bank of Exchange, in the way already attempted to be described. The autobiography of Proudhon is instructive. Here is a man destined for mechanical pursuits. The *Galignani* newspaper states that he was a stay-maker; his own account of his exploit at the *Réforme* office on the day of the Revolution, would imply that he was a working printer. Destined, however, for the workshop, he is sent to college,

where he became a disciple of Voltaire. It is said, that without any previous knowledge of Hegel, he divined the German's scheme of philosophy. It does not appear, that at college, he received any religious instruction, and, as it mostly happens in human affairs that we take no notice of danger until it becomes incarnated in some excessive example—it wanted the appearance of this strong perverted genius to prove that the system of education carried on in the school of the university is as defective, in a religious point of view, as the clergy have long represented it to be. The lads come out of the college disciples of Voltaire. With faculties stimulated by education, a young man like Proudhon, is doomed to some mechanical employment, which he despises, throws it up for a clerkship in some mercantile concern, because it is more gentlemanly, becomes the oracle of some Club, finds the discontented embers of the working classes strewed about him, and resolves upon making himself a name out of the ruins of society. He is highly taught, and he is full of sensibility. Jean Jacques Rousseau and he make acquaintance. Boundless love and exaggerated misanthropy blend strangely in his bosom, and give birth to paradox. His love for one class covers his hatred against another. The clerk of the merchant comes into disagreeable proximity

with his employer; his feelings are tried and his pride is hurt by thousands of unconscious ways, and learning to dislike the author of his mortification, he extends his hatred to the class. Pride loves also to show its condescension; to stoop to the lower order; to open the ears of the people; win admiration by superior endowments, more appreciated by such than by those above them; to win affection by sympathy, is gratifying even to pride. Allies are formed against the bourgeoisie; the leader has troops of followers. Behold the solitary in the midst of the world's business; his leisure hours are given to the philosophy of the last century, with its materialism, and to the dreamy speculation of German mystics. His mind becomes compounded of both; the one has prepared the denial of God, the other prompts His being insulted. Where there is paradox, there is no longer simplicity. There is an aspiration after originality, but the originality is generally no more than a compound or patchwork of separate errors or follies of the human mind. The Minerva that springs from the head is a monster—a prodigy—that could only be taken for a God through the fumes of revolutionary intoxication, and in the moment of popular madness: of the truth of this, the sentiments of Proudhon

afford a striking example. To proclaim himself a Deist would not have been original; to proclaim himself an Atheist would be no more than many Encyclopædists in the last century had done! But by some singular fashion to do both, and draw correspondingly strange conclusions, ah! that, indeed, would be original. Now, how does Proudhon accomplish this act? He acknowledges the existence of God—so did Rousseau, whose style this gentleman has copied in the passages quoted; but Rousseau, who was disgusted with the irrational materialism of Helvetius and others, having demonstrated to the satisfaction of his mind, in an admirable metaphysical paper—the "*Profession de foi du vicaire Savoyard,*" that the world was the handywork of an intelligent Being, he logically concluded that a Being who loved order, could not have loved vice or misery, which is disorder and discord, and so he arrived at the double inference of his justice and goodness, and of man's liberty of action. Had the mind of Rousseau been of a more sober cast, he would never have spoiled the operation of his subtle thoughts, by indulgence in excessive sentimentality; still he did not stultify himself; when he arrived at belief in God, it was belief in a good God. Proudhon believes in a God, but by a

strained effort at perverse originality, he has fancied that—which if found amongst savages, would be regarded as the last degree of barbarism—he has created a bad God. Savages, smitten with such a monstrosity, would have worshipped from fear; but Proudhon blasphemes and insults. He paints his God, not as the enemy of man, for such an admission of power, not accompanied by complete destruction, or the deprivation of all enjoyment, would be inexplicable inconsistency, and so he dwindles him down to a rivalry with the creature. He calls God the rival of man, and promulgates the doctrine that man is happy in despite of His efforts to the contrary. Such is the imbecile absurdity of this man, who has matched his own theology with the other famous discovery that property is robbery. This latter dogma he has, however, denied, or rather explained away; and yet the famous Exchange Bank has been invented with the avowed purpose of rendering accumulation impossible—accumulation being, according to his notion, subtractive from the general wealth of society, that ought to be in constant circulation, and not being in circulation, so much robbed from society; and so logically and conclusively, property became, according to the new process of reasoning, robbery.

Now, will it not strike the calm reader that for the sake of arriving at a mere economical system, there was little necessity for blasphemy? One of the Ten Commandments did certainly stand in the way of M. Proudhon. If property be robbery, there is an end of theft as a crime. The command of Proudhon's mouth would be, Thou shalt steal. Religion stands in the way of this new system, which is to invert the order of nature, and make the earth travel in a contrary course. If God be malevolent, then all his divine commands must have been aimed with the view of thwarting the poor creature, of whom he is described to be the jealous rival. All the Commandments must accordingly be inverted, and after Thou shalt steal, must come, Thou shalt commit adultery, Thou shalt murder, Thou shalt covet. Sins become virtues, and crimes laudable actions.

Truly M. Proudhon does effect his preliminary chaos before he creates order by a semi-system of pawnbroking and barter, worked through his newly invented assignats, for which he need not claim a patent. And yet this man is not to be despised. It is true that in the Assembly he is isolated. Yes, he has one follower, M. Greppo. There is a French proverb that the greatest fool finds *un plus sot qui l'admire.*

Quixote had a Sancho Panza. A hand unseen strewed flowers on the tomb of Nero. Eratostratus after a couple of thousand years has a disciple in Proudhon. With the exception of Greppo, there is no friend of Proudhon even on the benches where once sat Barbès. The *Vaudeville* Theatre showed him every night for three months, in his dress and spectacles, for the laughter of crowded audiences; and yet Proudhon is the hero of the faubourgs.

Had the insurgents of June planted the *bonnet rouge* on the guillotine, the arms of the New Republic, it is M. Proudhon who would have been elected finance minister. He is the incarnation of the wild spirit that is abroad. There is an awful sublimity in his blasphemy, a dreamy mystic grandeur in his subversion of society, that pleases the ill-taught, mistaught, over-stimulated workman. He holds to the class by his origin, and even by his sensibility. He impersonates the pride and envy that have turned to hatred against those who have easier modes of existence. His exaltation of labour into a stupendous exchange system strikes the imagination. There is, in fine, such a practical covering given to paradox, such promises of enjoyment, such deification of man, and such tumultuous work in the way of devising, scheming, revolutionizing, ruining, overthrowing,

and upraising, that the bewildered denizen of the faubourgian clubs, fancying that they see clearly, fall down and worship the evil spirit who shows the workman all the kingdoms of the earth for his domination.

CHAPTER IX.

M. CONSIDERANT.

THIS gentleman is not so robust a controversialist as M. Proudhon. When he was challenged to meet M. Thiers at the tribune of the National Assembly, he asked permission to develop his doctrines in the smaller *salle* of the old Chamber of Deputies, on four successive evenings. His request was not acceded to, and M. Considerant had recourse to his pen, for a revelation to the world of the beauties of Phalansterianism. Victor Considerant has the picturesque exterior suited to the first loving disciple of the founder of a sect. He is to Fourier what Melancthon was to Luther. The founder thunders at abuses, shakes down the walls, causes lofty seats to topple, and is, in the eyes of an affrighted world, a harsh and grim

destroyer. To some mild, enthusiastic, studious pupil, he reveals in the genial solitude of his home and in well seasoned table-talk, the depths of tenderness and love, which form the real springs of outer indignation. Captivated with such teachings, and imbued with such revelations, the mild pupil becomes the testamentary executor of the great will, which he performs with faithfulness and devotion. M. Considerant is tall and slight. His pale features bear the marks of study, and, with his abundant dark hair arranged with some view to effect, make what, in the language of painters, would be called a good head. His dress has a certain priestly cut, and should the Phalanstère ever be erected on the banks of the Loire—according to that captivating design exhibited at the Phalange Office, within a door of the house where Voltaire was born, on the quay that bears that witty scoffer's name—Victor Considerant, the opposite of Voltaire in all things, will look, as he paces through its pleasant gardens and orchards, or along its social halls, the sentimental, mystical, philosophical genius of so happy a place. Considerant speaks fluently and well, but when it is laid down that the student of Fourier must, in order to become acquainted with his system, go through several volumes, beginning with Fourierism-made-easy-books, general treatises, commentaries, preliminiaries, &c., before he can

venture to enter the bewitching labyrinth of the Phalanstère, then M. Considerant stands excused for having asked four nights' revelations in that quiet cemetery in which lies hushed the spirit of the old Charter of 1830.

However mistaken Considerant may be, he is not to be classed with the coarse mob of revolutionists that, with a torch in one hand to burn, and a knife in the other to slay, have made the Socialism of the year 1848 a spell of horror instead of a word of goodness and peace. A little tract, published by this gentleman in 1847, under the title of "Principles of Socialism; or Manifesto of the Democracy of the nineteenth century," contains so fair a *résumé* of his views, that we shall endeavour to offer a general outline of its contents. Like all Socialists, the author finds the root of misery in unlimited competition and the tyranny of capital. Taking a rapid view of past history, he finds that the societies of antiquity had *force* for principle and law, *war* for policy, and *conquest* for end; while their economical system was expressed by the word *slavery*. The feudal system was not less one of war and conquest, with slavery modified into serfage, owing to the humane sentiment that came with the first rays of Christianity. The new order of society disengaged from the feudal system, ests upon common law and the Christian princi-

ple of the unity of all races in humanity, from whence sprung the political principle of the equal rights of citizens in the State; and this spirit he calls the Democratic.

The principle that all citizens are equal before the law, and entitled alike to fill all public functions, having been proclaimed by the Revolution of 1789, it did so happen that, for a length of time, the democratic principle was unfortunately identified with all that was revolutionary. That a new organization of society in harmony with this principle of equality must take place, is laid down as the great task of the present age. There is, as yet, no rule or direction for industry. The old corporations have been swept away, which under the old system gave organisation to trade and manufactures; but no new organization having replaced the part, the fact comes to this, that there is no organization at all. There exists the most absolute *laissez-faire;* and the consequence is, the most anarchical competition, and the subjugation of industry to capital.

There results, as a further consequence from this state of things, that while political rights are theoretically possessed by all, a new aristocracy has arisen, a financial monied aristocracy, who monopolize every advantage, while the masses of the people are reduced to misery. Absolute

liberty without organization, means the absolute abandonment of the unprovided masses to the discretion of the few who are amply provided with everything.

Having established the general truth of the preponderance of this new monied aristocracy, he comes to the competition that exists amongst the working classes, who, forced to find employment or starve, are obliged to underbid each other in the labour market, so that wages have fallen, and will continue to fall until the last point of reduction is reached consistent with the bare necessities of existence. For this, he does not blame the masters; for, owing to competition, each is obliged to produce at the lowest attainable rate, and one man could not afford to pay higher wages than his rival.

Thus it is, that the odious mechanism of unlimited competition breaks down all laws of justice and humanity—for it has this execrable character that it is every where and always depreciating to wages. It is not only against one another that workmen have to contend in the labour market, they have to struggle against machinery which can do the labour of one man a hundred times over.

The same spirit of competition which has reduced the working classes, is also ruining the

middle, where the great property or capital is devouring the little. Society is, then, tending to a division into two great classes—the small number possessing nearly all, and overruling commerce and industry, and the great number possessing nothing, and living in absolute dependance on the possessors of capital. This situation is not, he says, peculiar to France, but is the social phenomenon which characterises modern civilization.

Proceeding further, he shows that this new monied aristocracy has become the master of kings and governments; and looking at what took place last year, it is with some respect for the author's sagacity that we read the following passage:—"*Eh bien;* it is certain that if the wisdom of governments of the intelligent and liberal bourgeoisie, and if science itself do not all take counsel, the movement which is hurrying our European societies, is going straight to social revolutions, and we are marching to an European *Jacquerie.*"

While the rich are becoming more rich, the poor are becoming more poor. It is a war between capital and labour in the midst of the most tempting and aggravating growth of luxury.

The author next comes to a consideration of the remedies proposed, which he classifies under two heads—that of Communism, which he denounces

as Anti-social and illusory; and that of Association, which he adopts as a pacificatory principle.

Capital, labour, and talent are, according to Considerant—borrowing from Fourier—the three elements of production—the three sources of wealth, the wheels of industrial mechanism, the great primitive means of social development. If there were a fair division of profits, not in equal degree, but according to a scale that would allow higher remuneration to the higher qualities engaged—so much for capital, so much for the talent, and so much for the labour,—why then, instead of the few wealthy, and the many miserable, there would be general comfort. That is undeniable. By raising the condition of labourers, there would be immensely increased consumption at home, and with consumption, more manufactures for the home-market, and more to divide; with all the moral advantages flowing from the substitution of comfort for want and misery.

M. Considerant, drawing the distinction between Political and Social questions, thinks that the former have lost all interest, or are merged into the latter, because the former, in so far as they concern the relations between people and government, and of governments with each other, have become virtually settled.

He notices, as proof of the infatuation of the

government, that it seems to be totally ignorant of the movement amongst the people of Socialist doctrines and ideas, and he remarks that, out "of 400 deputies there are not twenty who know that the people read more than the financial aristocracy, and that what they do read by hundreds of thousands are works, brochures, and pamphlets, in which are agitating, under different forms, the most grave and terrible social questions."

In order to show that this gentleman is not to be confounded with the mass of destructionists, so unfortunately notorious for the manner in which they would carry out their ambitious views, we must quote the following passage written at a moment when he thought the monarchy to be in danger:—"The constitutional form with an hereditary monarch and an elected chamber, appears to us more advanced, more perfect, and more solid, than all other forms of government—the Republican form not excepted. But we do not believe, with a certain political school, that because we possess a Constitutional Government there must be neither truce nor peace in Europe so long as other people will not adopt our own form. Leave to other people the care of framing such forms as they believe suitable. Their independence and dignity are concerned in the question, and nations do not in general observe with satis-

faction that their neighbours are busying themselves in their affairs." And he believes in Christianity. "Christianity is the great religion of humanity; Christianity will continue to develope itself more and more. To believe that there will be any other religion for humanity than that which has revealed to it its proper nature, its unity with all men and with God, is an illusion. The individual and collective union of men amongst themselves, and their individual and collective union with God—never will there be for men a more elevated religious principle or any other than that." Again he says: "Christianity, so far from being dead, was never more living, more spread abroad, more generally incarnate in human intelligence."

Resuming M. Considerant's doctrines, we find that he is a Christian, a Constitutional Monarchyman, a foe to war; that he is against Propagandism, and interference with other nations or their concerns; that he writes for Frenchmen, and that instead of seeking to force an adoption of his system, he is for a commencement by way of practical experiment, in the hope that success in one instance may lead to adoption and imitation.

A Reformer who presents himself in this way is worthy of friendly attention.

However disreputable or defective the remedies

proposed by such a man may be, yet some advantage is to be derived from attending to his testimony. We have seen that M. Considerant knew well what was passing in the minds of the working classes before the Revolution of February. He saw the blindness of parties to their own danger, and he predicted the *Jacquerie*, which was the spirit of the Insurrection of June, in Paris, and the spirit of the outbreaks in many cities of the Continent.

In considering the principle of association as presented by this writer, we have his testimony that if there be not injustice, there is a belief in injustice almost as dangerous in its effect. Is it true, as he implies, that neither talent nor industry are allowed their fair share in the production of wealth? We must view the question principally as relates to France, for it is with a knowledge of what is passing in his own country, and for his own country that he chiefly labours.

With regard to England, M. Considerant lies under a mistake if he supposes that the same injustice prevails here. If he walked into any one of our manufacturing towns, he could have pointed out to him individuals in scores who have risen to fortune from the humblest walks of life, by the efforts of talent and industry united with probity.

He would see, by throwing his eye along the boards that give the names of firms, that the principle of association which he prizes so much, is generally acted upon in this country. It is so and so and Co. to the end of the chapter.

Let him inquire into the history of these firms, and he will find in most instances, that the junior partners are men who have risen without the aid of capital, and solely by merit. And perhaps it may be allowed to be stated that if England resisted firmly the revolutionary contagion of last year, the chief reason might be found in the prevailing sense of justice that operates between man and man, and which is so characteristically expressed in the proverbial love of fairplay, no gross violation of which would be long tolerated.

Association is, however, the grand panacea of Socialists as distinguished from Communists. There is a numerous class who, with the prevalent disposition of Frenchmen to rely on government, think that it is government that ought to supply the capital necessary in the first instance to associations of working manufacturers, until they could gain the requisite capital for themselves.

This plan supposes the substitution of dividends of profits for wages, and it is against such a scheme that M. Thiers directed his arguments

with so much effect in that branch of his book on property, which embraces the question of association. It is here that he shows how often the capitalist loses, fails, or is ruined, while the workmen run no risk, for they are paid their wages no matter how unprofitable the work may turn out.

Again, it has been shown that the money which the state would be called upon to furnish would be, in point of fact, the money of individuals collected in the shape of taxation; so that, should the principle be admitted, it would be the introduction of Communism, which has for its object the levelling of all conditions, by means of the control given to the state.

A further objection to the plan, and one dwelt most upon by M. Thiers, as applicable to all schemes of a Communist or Socialist kind, is that it applies to only one class of the community at large, namely, the workmen in towns, and does not affect the farmers and peasantry, so numerically superior, and who are not interested in such questions. And here by the way it may be remarked, that seeing the disposition of men to become corrupt and dangerous when agglomerated in towns, the policy of statesmen is becoming directed rather towards agricultural improvement than manufacturing development; the former

having been miserably neglected, while the profits of the latter afford small compensation for the dangers which attend it. Seeing that workmen cannot do without capital, and that the state cannot supply the place of the capitalist, it remains to be seen whether the plan offered by Considerant and the disciple of Fourier, for combining capital, talent, and labour in an organized system of harmonious co-operation can be made to succeed.

The plan of which a trial is to be made by the foundation of a model Phalanstère, will it is said, be put into operation in a couple of years.

From the limited character of these personal sketches, we cannot go so far out of our way as to enter into an examination of such a scheme in all its bearings. It may fail; but the failure like that of finding the philosopher's stone, or giving the character of science to astrology, may be compensated by unexpected solutions of real value.

Mr. Macaulay, who is no ideologist, looks forward to the day when, judging by the advances already made in social improvement, men will look back to the miseries of Dorsetshire labourers with as much astonishment as we at the present day recur to the comfortless condition of the upper classes only a couple of centuries ago.

How is this great social advance to be effected? Is it by slow and steadily growing improvement,

or is it to be the result of some great discovery in the economy of human society? Hitherto professedly Socialist schemes have been marked by immense pretensions contrasted with poor results. The manifest evils and miseries of society afford easy and full scope to the pen of the critic.

When Louis Blanc parades the statistics of corruption, crime, and misery, his reader follows the narrator with stifled breath; but when Louis Blanc sets about making a world of his own, a child building a card house is a model of wisdom and constructive power, compared with him. What more appalling vulgarity in the way of contrast can there be, than is presented by Proudhon's blasphemies, and proud pretensions with his Bank Exchange? Even Fourier has the French way of rushing at an absolute conclusion, that destruction is amendment. It is told of this remarkable man that it was his indignation and disgust at the frauds practised in commerce, which led him to the idea of abolishing commerce altogether, and of placing the producer and the purchaser in direct contact without the intermediacy of the merchant. Because commerce, honourable itself, happened to be disgraced by some rogues, in one particular place, a valuable principle is to be abolished altogether. The reign of terror men went on this cauterizing system for the cure of abuses by the

destruction of the instrument, and yet they did not know mankind better. The man is a rogue, not because he is a merchant, but because he is a rogue, and would have been such in any other employment. How is the evil to be cured, if not by curing the disposition when the mind is fresh and tender, in other words, by education. And now we touch the vital points of the question. The Socialists fancy that men can be made virtuous by artificial organizations of society, whereas, the Christian and the true philosopher would take man by himself, out of the way of evil example and of corrupting communication, and deal with him alone. It is by separating rather than bringing together, that purity of mind is to be preserved. Let the country bear witness against the town—the hamlet against the purlieus of capital cities. If all men were well brought up, and deeply imbued with sound principles, their own sense of right would effect by slow degrees, every advantage possible of attainment in this world. We may therefore offer to the ready objection of the Socialist, that those who oppose all known Socialist plans, are bound to offer some remedy, at the hazard of a blind and despairing acceptance of the evils of society—that there is a remedy,—a very rock basis of amelioration in well devised education. Good men will make good institutions,

and good education tend to make good men. Education, therefore, by all means, and in boundless abundance. Let wholesome seeds be sown early in the mind and in the heart, and the fruit will be self-respect, self-reliance, wholesome thoughts, and healthy action. It will be said that Communist writers have been educated men, and it is not unusual to find very high authorities quoted, from Plato to Sir Thomas More, and from him to some illustrious moderns, to show that genius and learning are not necessarily infallible guardians of the mind from error. Perhaps a sufficient answer might be furnished to this objection, and an important lesson drawn from the fact that Communist writings have most generally appeared, and Communist notions prevailed, at periods of great corruption, against which they may, one and the other, be taken as signs of reaction. The fact that Plato had in view, when he wrote his "Republic," the stern virtues of the Lacedemonians, might be advanced as proof that he, the idealist imaginer of a pure love, to which is attached the immortality of his name, wanted to mark his aversion for the vices of his own time. But without raising a controversy of a speculative character, we have to come to his imitator, Sir Thomas More, who affords evidence, in his Utopia, that the social state of England in his time was

such as to have seemed to his eyes, very like a threatened dissolution of society.

Between the breaking up of the feudal system, under Henry VII, and the commercial phase into which England entered after the discovery of the new world, there was an intervening period when great irregularities prevailed. The nobles entertained exorbitant establishments; their idle swarms of servants kept for show, and even as means of aggression exercised the greatest violence, and committed all sorts of debauchery at the expense of the peasantry and the working people. Agriculture was much neglected, while the great proprietors turned their estates into sheep walks on account of the more profitable returns given by wool. As the convents were broken up, the misery of the people became further swelled, and the consequence followed, that the country was overrun with mendicants, robbers, and assassins. The picture of Utopia is suggested by the effects of the mal-administration of the author's own country; and if it be the pleasant *jeu d'esprit* of a scholar, it is not without its serious moral. Sir Thomas More shows himself in his work, as much beyond his age, as modern Communists are behind ours. What could be more beautiful than the spiritualist maxim of the Utopians, so different from that of modern Communists whose ideas are

of a worldly and sensual kind. "Shun voluptuousness, which prevents the enjoyment of a more exquisite pleasure, or which is followed by pain, for pain is the inevitable consequence of illicit indulgence. To despise corporal beauty, and the exercise of corporal power, to reduce strength by fasting and abstinence, sacrifice health, and in a word repel the favours of nature, for sake of devoting one's self to the happiness of humanity, in the hope that God will reward the pains of a day by eternal transports of joy, is to perform an act of sublime religion. While, on the other hand, to crucify the body, and sacrifice one's self for a vain phantom of virtue, or for sake of preparing one's self for miseries that may never occur, is to do an act of stupid folly, and of self-cruelty and ingratitude; it is to trample on the gifts of the Creator, as if the creature disdained to owe him any obligation."

The spirit of Christianity and of classic learning, preserved through so many ages of darkness until they came forth together at the double revival of religion and letters, breaks out in a form which breathes of Plato no less than of the gospel. There is the fanciful organization of the Greek, with the gospel-taught self-sacrifice and self-denial, which the material Communists of the present day, coarse parodists in all things, have failed to feel

and appreciate; so that while they blaspheme God, they materialize the spiritual teachings of Christ. The wild Communism that broke out after the reformation in Munster, was a sign of the disordered state of the times. It was ignorance emancipated from mental thraldom, seeking to repay itself for long sufferings and neglect.

Let us come down to the philosophic Communism of the 18th century, and it will be found to be the suggestion of the most corrupt period in history—the age of the profligate Regent, of the Cardinal Dubois, of Louis XV., and Madame Du Barry, of the Mississippi gambling, and the Parc aux Cerfs. It is the exquisitely sensitive Rousseau, who fulminates a malediction against such society, and strikes at property as the foundation on which it is built; then follows the Abbé de Mably, who, as Plato did of old, takes the Spartans for his model, and with stern fanaticism, proposes the Lacedemonian Communism, with all its consequences, in the hope of recovering Lacedemonian virtues.

The Communism of the ancients, it should be remarked, was a sort of aristocratic Communism, for society was divided into the free and the slave, the former monopolizing all state employments, they only having the privilege of defending the country, while on the latter was imposed the

drudgery and duties of social life, a fact which, well considered, would show that the Communism of the old world belonged to a state of society that has passed away and never can be revived. The Abbé de Mably would, however, have had the stern Spartan Communism imposed on his thoroughly relaxed countrymen, attaching as a maxim, that in religion the state should be intolerant, and not allow Atheists or Deists to exist. Instead of blaming the priest for his eccentricity, it would be more profitable to regard his sombre classical enthusiasm as the sign of a mind filled with horror at the aspect of corruption that had reached its lowest stage, and could only be cured by a visitation of Providence, or an extraordinary effort of man.

The visitation came, and Robespierre tried to make the *contrat social* of Jean Jacques Rousseau a practical truth; but even the Convention that sanctioned the reign of terror was not prepared to go so far. With Robespierre ended the philosophical school of Communists, and with Babouf opened the gross savage school, of which the Communists of this day are the worthy disciples. Babouf having settled in his own mind that Communism should be the law,—in other words, that the state should be masters and the people slaves,—for there could be no individual property

or individual home, no professions or callings, except at the dictation of the state, no free will, no liberty of choice—having made the individual nothing and the state all, Babouf formed a conspiracy, and it is the most horrible conspiracy on record. The conspirators were to have inaugurated their system by wholesale pillage, incendiarism, and massacres: wide waste and terror were to pioneer the way to Communism; and Babouf is the predecessor of the Blanquis Barbès, Caussidières, and the other leaders thrown up in the ferment of February. With none of these must M. Considerant be confounded. He is no Mokanna or hideous veiled prophet, but an amiable experimentalist, who if he fails—fails.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.—ANTHONY THOURET.—ENGLISH ALLIANCE.—THE CAMP OF ST. MAUR.

In the early part of August, some of the journals that had been suspended were allowed to appear; but in a few days afterwards the interdict had to be replaced on the majority of those to which indulgence had been accorded. A list of the journals that appeared between February and June was drawn up by M. Panisse, an officer holding a high post in the police. It gives 171 names of journals, and as some of those names indicate the atrocious spirit that prevailed, and so speak, as it were, for themselves, the

nomenclature is offered in this place to the reader.

1. L'Impartial.
2. Spartacus.
3. Le Gamin de Paris.
4. Le Vrai Gamin de Paris.
5. Le Nouveau Cordelier.
6. La République.
7. Le Moniteur du Soir.
8. L'Esprit du Peuple.
9. Le Petit Homme Rouge.
10. La Colère du vieux Républicain.
11. Le Peuple Constituant.
12. L'Avenir des Travailleurs.
13. La Vraie Garde Nationale.
14. La Sentinelle des Clubs.
15. La Propriété.
16. La Commune de Paris, Moniteur des Clubs.
17. La Commune de Paris, Journal Révolutionnaire. La Commune de Paris, (Sobrier's Journal.)
18. Le Peuple Souverain.
19. Les Saltimbanques.
20. La Tribune Nationale.
21. La Liberté.
22. Le Salut Public.
23. L'Aimable Faubourien.
24. Journal de la Conseille.

25. L'Assemblée Constituante.
26. Archives du Peuple.
27. L'Ere Nouvelle.
28. L'Apôtre du Peuple.
29. L'Epoque.
30. Le Courier de la Chambre.
31. La République Rouge.
32. Le Père André.
33. Le Populaire.
34. Le Monde Républicain.
35. Robespierre.
36. Le Représentant du Peuple.
37. Les Mystères de la Bourse.
38. La Tribune de la Liberté.
39. La Révolution de 1848.
40. L'Opinion Publique.
41. La Providence.
42. Le Courier de Paris.
43. La Tribune Populaire.
44. La Voix des Femmes.
45. L'Unité Nationale.
46. Le Radical.
47. L'Ami du Peuple.
48. Le Volcan.
49. Le Journal du Diable.
50. Charité et Justice.
51. Journal des Enfans.
52. Le Peuple Français.

53. Diogène sans ulotte.
54. La Lanterne.
55. La Politique des Femmes.
56. Le Travail; Journal du Club de la Révolution.
57. Mayeux.
58. La France Libre.
59. La Voix de la République.
60. Lettre du Diable à la République.
61. La Revue Rétrospective.
62. Le Diable Rose.
63. Le Bien Public.
64. Le Drapeau de la République.
65. La Constitution.
66. La Vraie République.
67. Le Pamphlet.
68. Le Lampion.
69. La Vérité Périodique.
70. La République des Femmes.
71. La Contemporaine.
72. La Silhouette.
73. Le Figaro.
74. Le Canard.
75. Le Bon Homme Richard.
76. L'Examen.
77. Le Diable Boiteux.
78. Le Tocsin du Travailleur.
79. Le Journal des Sans Culottes.

80. La Mère Duchêne.
81. Le Père Duchêne. Ancien fabricant des Journaux.
82. Le Père Duchêne; Gazette de la Révolution.
83. Le Travailleur de la Mère Duchêne.
84. Le Petit Fils.
85. Les Lunettes du Père Duchêne.
86. L'Amie Duchêne.
87. Le Tintamarre.
88. L'Accusateur Public.
89. La Carmagnole.
90. Les Transactions.
91. La France.
92. Jacques Bonhomme.
93. L'Organization du Travail.
94. Le Drapeau National.
95. Le Bonnet Rouge.
96. Le Vrai Républicain.
97. Justice et Vérité.
98. L'Indépendant.
99. Le Napoléonien.
100. L'Aigle Républicaine.
101. La Redingote Grise.
102. Le Bonapartiste Républicain.
103. Napoléon Républicain.
104. Le Petit Caporal.
105. La Constitution; Journal de la République Napoléonienne.

106. Le Pilori.
107. Journal des Faubourgs.
108. Le Scrutin.
109. Le Salut Social.
110. La Cause du Peuple.
111. L'Abeille.
112. Le Soir.
113. Les Nouvelles du Soir.
114. Le Tribun du Peuple.
115. L'Avant Garde.
116. L'Echo du Peuple.
117. La Constitution.
118. La France Républicaine.
119. Les Bêtises de la Semaine.
120. Le Travail.
121. L'Ordre.
122. La République Française.
123. Le Réveil du Peuple.
124. Le Cônservateur de la République.
125. Les Paroles d'un Revenant.
126. Le Voltigeur.
127. Le Manifeste des Provinces.
128. L'Esprit National.
129. La Tribune de 1848.
130. La Famille.
131. Les Boulets Rouges.
132. Journal des Ateliers Nationaux.
133. La République Possible.

134. Le Flâneur.
135. La Voix des Clubs.
136. La Presse du Peuple.
137. La Séance.
138. Le Courier de Paris.
139. Le Vieux Cordelier.
140. La France Nouvelle.
141. La Conspiration des Pouvoirs.
142. L'Afrique Française.
143. Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire.
144. Le Révélateur.
145. Le Scorpion Politique.
146. Le Courier Républicain.
147. La Liberté Religieuse.
148. La Propagande Républicaine.
149. Le Bon Conseil.
150. Le Petit Glaneur Allemand.
151. L'Amour de la Patrie.
152. La Démocratie Egalitaire.
153. Le Banquet Social.
154. L'Egalité.
155. La Sentinelle du Peuple.
156. La Dépêche.
157. Les Droits de l'Homme.
158. La Vérité.
159. La Garde Nationale.
160. Le Patriote.
161. La Colonne.

162. Le Courier de l'Assemblée Nationale.
163. L'Education Républicaine.
164. Le Musée du Peuple.
165. Le Triomphe du Peuple.
166. Polichinelle.
167. La Sentinelle des Travailleurs.
168. L'Alliance des Peuples.
169. Le Bonheur Public.
170. L'Incendie.
171. Le Sanguinaire.

Such a swarm of cheap publications vieing with one another in their appeals to the lowest sentiments and passions, required some check, and the Government resolved upon restoring the old system of *cautionnement*, or lodgment of money by the proprietors of journals, by way of security for the payment of fines should such be incurred. The sum, under the monarchy, amounted to 100,000 francs, but the Government of General Cavaignac limited its proposal to 24,000 francs. Small as this sum was, the principle was vehemently opposed by the Opposition, which had ultimately to give way.

The leader of the Opposition, on this occasion, was M. Anthony Thouret, and we must try to sketch this remarkable person. This Anthony Thouret is a man of colossal size, and of stupen-

dous gravity, moral as well as specific. Possessing a giant's strength, he does not use it like a giant, for although in possession of the tribune, he had hardly begun to speak when the lappel of his coat was plucked by Louis Blanc. When Sir Geoffrey, in Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," put his head out of the pie dish, he hardly excited more surprise and merriment than did the apparition of the smallest champion in Christendom by the side of the largest. Louis Blanc claimed precedence; Anthony Thouret disputed the claim. Never, from the days of David and Goliath, had a more unequal match been seen; and it was David who won. Goliath being allowed to carry off his own head, amidst the pleasant laughter of the daughters of Israel, who occupied the galleries. After Louis Blanc had had his argument, which amounted to this, that a restricted press was incompatible with universal suffrage, Anthony Thouret was allowed to resume his place without dispute. Like Falstaff, he was the cause of wit in others, or, if not of wit, of fun, which is not a bad thing in its way when innocent. An actor, once playing a deep part in a tragedy, gave a sudden stoop, and the consequence on a portion of his gear was so unfortunate, that tears were turned to broad grins. The curtain fell, the damage was repaired, but

there was no possibility of getting on with the tragedy for that evening. Thus it happened with Thouret; as he had retired amidst laughter, so it was that his reappearance proved a signal for a renewal of the same, no one knew why or wherefore. Perhaps it was the look of inane gravity painted on the broadest facial canvass on which dull simplicity had ever tried its hand; perhaps it was the voice that rolled out in sepulchral volumes; perhaps it was the look and voice together; perhaps it was the opening chapter of his autobiography, in which he announced that he had been a martyr in the cause of the press, for which he had suffered much. The announcement of suffering was taken as a capital joke, and the stupendous martyr was laughed at because he failed in his look of the character. It was Falstaff as Romeo's Apothecary. The speech proved to be a series of axioms, drawn up in that sententious form which schoolboys employ on given themes. With an air of innocent inexperience that would have been becoming in sixteen, the man of fifty, with half a stone weight for each year, enunciated what he believed to be profound ethical discoveries, adorned with florid illustrations, both producing the effect of novelty by their being common place. "Thought," he said, "was to man what the head was to the body; cut off the

head and (after a long pause)—he dies." Many a waggish tongue assured the orator of the undeniable truth of this maxim, as well as of many others that he uttered. Anthony Thouret was a great Republican, a terrible Anti-Buonapartist. He spoke from time to time, and to his credit be it said never displayed gall, although, like Liston, he could not show his face without raising a laugh.

With the revolutionary journals suspended, the clubs severely controlled, and Paris in a state of siege, the Parisians began to feel more comfortable than they had felt for months. Within the Assembly, the old statesmen grew more bold and confident. M. Thiers battled with M. Goudchaux on a question of taxing mortgagees, and beat him. The Commission that had been appointed to inquire into the June insurrection, and to examine how far the previous conspiracies of March, April, and May, were connected with that event, presented their report early in the month of August, and directly implicated Louis Blanc and Marc Caussidière, who vainly essayed to disprove the accusations against them; but upon the Assembly having ratified the report so far as to sanction the prosecution of these members, the latter fled.

At this time, Charles Albert had been swept out of Lombardy, and M. de Bastide was enabled to announce that England and France had joined in

a negotiation for bringing the Italian question to a pacific conclusion. Here was the English alliance substituted for a Propagandist war, and that by a thorough Republican Government. In fact, the June insurrection and the discoveries made by the Commission of Inquiry, had changed people's views in an extraordinary manner. The army of the Alps, that was to have liberated Italy, was now wanted to liberate Paris, and was encamped at St. Maur, under the eyes of the prisoners of Vincennes. A visit to this camp became the Sunday attraction. The white tents, in regular lines, crowned the high ground of a beautiful ascending plain. The soldiers, flattered by the visits of the citizens, took pleasure in decorating the encampment, and the green sod was pressed into the service of pagodas, temples, and ante-rooms, for the sake of ornament, as well as accommodation. What with exercises, manœuvres, and reviews, St. Maur became a very agreeable rendezvous, and in this way happy France was led in the chains of martial law to the banquet of the Constitution, the general debate upon which opened on the 4th September.

CHAPTER XI.

DEBATES ON THE CONSTITUTION—ABBE FAYET DEMOCRACY—FRESNEAU—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

THE debates on the Constitution drew out every man of ability and eminence in the Assembly. One of the most important discussions, was the first upon the preamble, which attempted to give in a condensed form—a declaration of the rights of man. In this preamble was necessarily embraced the question of questions, with which, under its compendious title of "*Droit au Travail,*" we are, by this time sufficiently familiar. As we have already seen, a promise of according this right to the workman, was hastily thrown out by the Provisional Government, before the majority of its members had considered what it meant; it became subsequently the watch-word of the Socialists. If the Republic could not realize such a promise,

there was no real justification for the Revolution of February, and it could *not*.

The Committee which drew up the Constitution had evidently looked at the difficulty in every point of view, and could arrive at no other conclusion, than that the state owed to necessitous Citizens a debt of assistance within the limit of its resources. In language still more familiar,—the preamble promised a poor law; and to accomplish such a work was neither contrary to the disposition, nor beyond the means of a constitutional monarchy. In order to cover a retreat from this engagement of the Republic, the author of the Report (M. Marrast) filled the preamble with flourishes that exposed his words to some cutting criticism, opened by the Abbé Fayet, Bishop of Orleans, the *beau ideal* of a provincial priest. Wherever this little old man was seen, the smiling faces in his neighbourhood showed that his lively sarcastic remarks were telling; but like a true priest, as soon as he mounted the tribune, he felt as if he were in the pulpit, and in order to remind his audience, (rather his congregation,) that he was no longer their gay companion, but their monitor, his aspect became changed. He could not, it is true, put a mask on his round rosy face, nor keep his sly eye in constant subjection; but his voice did its professional whine, with unde-

viating monotonous sobriety. Like all clergymen, the good old Bishop was viewed with scowling distaste by the philosophical republicans. His criticism of the declamatory preamble had the subtilty of the professed Casuist.

He challenged the author to tell him the sense of a democratic republic, arguing that a republic was a political form given to institutions, while democracy meant that the people managed directly their own affairs.

This line of argument had deeper purpose than was at the moment perceived. The clever divine knew well that nothing would be more fatal to the republic than an admission of the principle of democracy. It was all very well so long as democracy could be made to mean the town population; but the moment the peasantry were embraced in the word, there was an end to the republic, democratic or otherwise. If the Assembly abided by the term democratic, and acted upon it, the consequence logically would be an appeal to the democracy for its ratification of the constitution, and the answer to such an appeal, might prove doubtful.

For years the partisans of Henry V. had been challenging an appeal to the democracy in the enlarged, that is the true sense of the word, meaning the whole people, and the result of the contest

for the presidency of the Republic, where a new monarchical competitor was brought into the field, in the person of the Heir of the Emperor, showed that the Abbé de Genoude, (whose *Gazette de France* was their organ,) knew what he was doing.

The Abbé Fayet in seeking to bind the authors of the Constitution to the term democratic, so as to lay the foundation of an appeal to the people, was acting upon the knowledge, which he, as a country clergyman, had of the feelings and sentiments of the peasantry. M. Dupin replied if not with equal subtilty, yet in a way to satisfy the majority, who were disposed to be easily satisfied; for not only did all classes of Republicans shrink from an appeal to the country, but the Orleanists, a large party were as little inclined to have recourse to such an expedient.

The Legitimists and the Bonapartists might, with certainty, count upon the suffrages of the country people; but neither of these parties was at that moment in much strength in the Assembly; and even if disposed to combine, they could not force the majority to accept the fair consequences of their recognition of the democracy by an appeal to the people for its judgment in their work. To the surprise of the Assembly, a new adversary appeared in the field, in the person of a dark slight young gentleman, (M. Fresneau,) who, in one of

the ablest speeches that had been made in the house, attacked the whole preamble with remarkable vigour. The calmness and self-possession — the close reasoning and sound sense evinced by the *débûtant*, clearly marked him out as a man who will yet distinguish himself in public life. He argued that political axioms were idle and inapplicable, rather they were worse, for the manner of their being carried out by laws, would be the subject of eternal question and controversy. With a preamble in his hand declaratory of rights, a person might accuse the law of want of full accordance with the principles laid down, or of failure and insufficiency; he might quote the preamble against the law and take his stand upon it.

Referring to former declarations of rights, he showed, they had all failed, and he quoted the ludicrous instance of a declaration that domesticity was abolished. There were to be no more domestics, for "domesticity was to be the exchange of good offices and recompences." It was impossible to arrive at accurate definitions of political rights and duties. They were not aware of the engagements they were undertaking, with regard to rights of labour and other rights; and he would accordingly recommend that there should be no preamble, but that the Assembly should enter at once, practically and without preface, upon the

articles of the constitution. This view was not adopted.

We have now to introduce another of that thoughtful school of young men who, like the children of unfortunate parents, have been cradled in fearful reminiscences of the first revolution, and inspired with premature wisdom.

M. de Tocqueville must have been a very young man when he produced that work on democracy in America, which raised him at once to eminence as a politician and philosopher. He looks a young man still; and as he sits buried in thought, the eye of the spectator cannot fail to settle upon him with inquiry. A Socialist member, M. Mathieu, raised directly the question of *droit au travail;* and, in replying to him, M. de Tocqueville entered at once on the question of Socialism. The mind of this gentleman is of an eminently reflective character. It repels no fact. It passes by no circumstance as unworthy of attention. There is rather the contrary tendency to admit nothing to be ephemeral, fleeting, local, or accidental. Each fact is regarded as in itself a phenomenon—a witness of a state of things the meaning of which is to be sought, or prophetic of something coming, for which man ought to be prepared.

A habit of mind like this may degenerate into disease; but within due bounds, and under due

control, it is most valuable. When we say disease, we mean that a disposition may be formed of fastening the mind too much on all sorts of facts, and of giving too much consequence to what may be trivial.

There are persons who, sooner than not give an answer to an inquiry, will invent one; but the inquirer who would take the false answer for a fact, and draw general consequences from it, would fall into a gross error. Some instances of this kind might be found in the work on Democracy in America; as, for instance, when the author asking a sailor why the Americans built ships of materials that do not last, received for answer, that they did so because of the constant changes and improvements in shipping. Whereupon the author descants most ingeniously—how no one would choose inferior materials for building if better for the same money could be found at hand. The sailor was a patriot, and fancied he gave a reason that redounded to the honor of his country, by assigning to foresight, the sins of bad wood; but a stranger might conclude that the navy was hectic rather than of florid beauty, indicative of soundness and health. An example of this kind reveals the exaggeration of a habit good in itself. The value of this habit is best proved by the effects of a contrary disposition.

Take a people who work much, become prosperous by work, and, having but little time, reflect but little; and yet such a people, wise in their own conceit, fall into the error of looking at all circumstances as local, and not indicative of a deep-seated state of things, requiring to be looked into and patiently provided for. Whatever be the state of things, it is the result of a number of causes; and as there is constant transition in society, although it escape general attention, the mind which can seize hold of such cause, and mark whither they are tending, must be acute, and the product of its observation ought to prove of eminent advantage. Such a mind is that possessed by M. de Tocqueville.

When the first part of his work on America appeared some fourteen years ago, it commanded general attention, especially in England, because it was considered that the author, having left his own country with strong democratic tendencies, was converted to Conservatism by the example presented by the workings of democracy in the United States. Sir Robert Peel, at the famous Glasgow Conservative dinner, in 1836, made great use of the French philosopher's evidence. Yet it may be doubted if the latter had discarded any old convictions. In truth, the convictions of such a mind became attached more to general principles than to

party views. M. de Tocqueville saw, both from what he knew of Europe and had witnessed in America, that society was tending every where towards democracy, and with this conviction on his mind, it behoved him to examine whether that tendency was for good or for evil; and it would probably be more just to say, that instead of absolutely arriving at the latter of the two alternatives, he laboured to point out how evil might be prevented by the conservation of all that was good in the old society. This view appears plain enough in the second part of the work published in 1840, which is full of the most sagacious observations. In this work he points out, with undeniable truth, that social equality, which is in fact the over-ruling passion of Democracy, leads to a general desire for worldly possession, for sake of equal respectability and equal enjoyment; and yet on this very account he labours to show the necessity that thus exists for employing the counteracting effects of religion.

That general thirst for worldly enjoyment which attaches to democratic equality, brings with it dangers of a political kind—for as all that is requisite for the guarantee of such enjoyment is that order shall be preserved, the strong hand that can best preserve order will be sure to be preferred. M. de Tocqueville saw that there were fine pecu-

liarities belonging to an aristocratic state of society, the parting with which he could not but deplore; but seeing that the tendency to another form was inevitable, he essayed, in a truly wise spirit, to point out the elements of weakness in democracy with their antidote, which he found in the encouragement of a religious education.

It may be necessary to explain the relation that exists between M. de Tocqueville's book and his parliamentary speeches; and why justice cannot be done to the orator without reference to the author. The reason is this. It so happens, that amongst the remarkable speeches that were made in that ever memorable debate on the address in the Chamber of Deputies, immediately preceding the February Revolution, the least remarkable was certainly not that of M. de Tocqueville, who directly prophesied the coming change. He warned society that it was standing on a volcano. M. de Remusat used a similar metaphor at the *fête* given by the Duke of Orleans to Charles X., about the same period of time preceding the events of July, 1830; and in borrowing so memorable an expression, M. de Tocqueville gave more impressive significance to his meaning. A shout of angry reprobation rose from the ministerial benches at so sinister an illusion; and when the accomplishment of the prediction took place, it may be

doubted if the soothsayer got credit for more than a lucky hit.

M. de Tocqueville claims his prophetic power not as the production of mesmeric charlatanism, but as a rigid deduction from facts and principles, of the certitude of which he felt convinced. He says in this, his present speech, "I will give you my reason why I believed that a revolution was at our door. All rights, power, influence honours, all political life, in fine, were confined to an extremely small privileged class, and beneath that class—nothing! I saw that there happened with respect to this class, that which eventually takes place in all little exclusive aristocracies—public life declined; corruption extended more and more; intrigue supplanted public virtues; everything began to shrink and deteriorate. Looking below, we saw the people living as it were, beyond the pale of all official movement, making a kind of life proper to itself; detaching itself more and more by thought and feeling from those who were supposed to be its guide, abandoned to those who were thrown into close intimacy with it, that is to say to Utopian and dangerous demagogues. It is because I saw these two classes, the one little the other numerous, becoming more separated from each other; the one full of jealousy, distrust, and anger, the other full of indifference, not unmingled with egotism

and insensibility. It was because I saw those two classes marching on in opposite directions, that I said that which appeared to me well founded: the wind of revolution is rising, and the revolution is quickly coming."

This passage is highly characteristic of the orator, in whose eyes events are never accidental, but the rigorous result of circumstances. He may, consequently, be believed when he declares, that he seriously accepts a Republic which he neither helped to make nor desired. It came in the order of events. But as it has come he attaches it to the causes that produced it, for sake of removing the same causes, which, if allowed to continue, would bring out something else as little looked for or expected. As it was, the exaggerated domination of one class that raised the enmity of another —the Revolution was made to put an end to classes, and not to inaugurate Communism or Socialism, which he held to be general servitude to a master called the State.

The great Revolution, so far from being hostile to property, has raised up ten millions of proprietors through the sub-division of land; and these were hostile to Communism. Of course he did not omit to present the example of America, where Democracy yet reigned triumphant, and yet where Socialism was held in abhorrence.

The conclusion which he (M. de Tocqueville) would seem to have arrived at is, that if the Revolution of February be regarded in a Political instead of a Socialist sense, it will endure. It ought, he said in two words, which resumed his whole doctrine on the subject, to be Christian and Democratic, but not Socialist.

M. de Tocqueville's manner at the tribune is not affected. It is that of an essayist who reads and who comments, rather than that of an orator who captivates, fires, moves, convinces, and subdues. Yet the prestige acquired by works so thoughtful and profound, by a young man in an age so flippant and changing, secures for M. de Tocqueville the most earnest and sustained attention from any audience, no matter how composed, which contains persons capable of respecting the claims of a true philosopher.

CHAPTER XII.

DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE.

DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE, who came forward to combat against Socialism, was the real author of the reform banquets which terminated in the fall of the Monarchy. In an evil hour M. Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior, affirmed that the country was indifferent on the subject of reform—the taunt was taken as a challenge—de Hauranne at once retorted that the minister should soon be awakened from his delusion, and the reform banquets were organised. The more commanding position of Odilon Barrot, his more impressive eloquence, gave him the conspicuous part in the performances; but the manager was the gentleman whom we are now noticing. His is a singular physiognomy—a remarkably fine head, long grave

face, pale and thoughtful, and testifying his descent from the pure ascetic Jansenist, of whom he bears one of the historical names; yet his movements betray a nervous excitability, a combative impatient spirit, that mark him out for what he is—a born Oppositionist. His writings and his speeches divide his characteristics. The first, like his fine head, are thoughtful, methodical, and cold—the latter brisk, petulant, and *spirituel.* His writings are all political, and turn chiefly on English parliamentary history, or the conduct of parties in the British legislature. Like his old master, Guizot, whom he abandoned for Thiers, he regards our parliamentary government as a *beau ideal* of its kind; and, in spite of his own change of leaders, he remains a *doctrinaire.* He is not only well versed in English history, and a close observer, even a chronicler, as the *Revue des deux Mondes* can testify, of the daily struggles of English parties, but he is personally acquainted with their most eminent politicians. The task which Duvergier de Hauranne imposed on himself was that of familiarizing his countrymen with English habits of meeting in public. No spectacle appeared finer to him than the meeting of representatives and constituents during the parliamentary vacation, at town halls, or at the festive board, for sake of rendering an account of

their stewardship, or of combining with their friends some movement in which they were one and all interested. It was this wholesome agitation, this diffusion of political life, this unceasing activity, that he saw with most envy; and it was with the hope of transplanting so excellent a temper to the soul of the French popular mind that he planned the banquets, which ended in a manner so deceptive of his hopes.

The result proved, amongst other lessons, how difficult it is for a popular reformer to bring up by any sudden effort the mind of a country to the point at which he has himself arrived by years of meditation and study. When a principle becomes clear to the mind of man, the wonder to himself is that he should have ever doubted it; and forgetting that simple as it may look, the minds of others must reach it through the same toil and discipline, he fancies that all are prepared to go along with him. Duvergier de Hauranne fancied that a hasty excitable people, with no other than revolutionary traditions, barricades, and fights, might be made to enter in a moment into a system of moral agitation quite new to their habits, and for which no sort of previous training had prepared them. A less impetuous man might have been warned by the almost state of isolation in which he was left to pursue his enterprise.

The Conservative party remained away; the Republican party would not coalesce; the Socialists, who were conspiring, were rejoiced at the prospect of a new element of perplexity. Had the Government not interfered, the sectarian character of the movement would have soon been revealed, and it might have had no other effect than the beneficial one of familiarizing, by example, the mind of the country with political meetings. A step would, accordingly, have been effected towards the very object which the author of the reform banquet system had in view. The interference with the last banquet gave parties who felt no concern about the object a pretext for violence, and under pretence of aiming at reform, to make a dash for the Republic.

We must do de Hauranne the justice to say, that amongst the strange assembly that goes by the name of the *Constituent*, he looked the least surprised or disconcerted of any. Odilon Barrot was horrified and mystified by the mischief he had unconsciously caused. Thiers took to his bed—Dupin knew not what to do—but de Hauranne seemed as much in his element as if he had accomplished his design of converting a Chamber of Deputies into a British House of Commons, relieved by county meetings, town meetings, parochial meetings, and Manchester leagues

without; instead of which it became almost a revival of the Convention, with a narrow escape from the horrors of its prototype. A *bon mot* has made the fortune of this gentleman in the Assembly. M. de Lamartine had, in his magnificent emphasis, declared that he not only respected but *adored* property. "Mais, Messieurs," archly remarked de Hauranne, "*on ne respecte pas toujours ce qu'on adore.*" Such is Duvergier de Hauranne—reflective and impetuous, a very vulture in opposition, and yet as playful as a kid. There is no man, taking him altogether, whose presence would be more missed from a legislative assembly.

CHAPTER XIII.

MONTALAMBERT—DE FALLOUX—BILLAULT.

As the speeches of M. Thiers on the address in the Chamber of Deputies were amongst the most brilliant oratorical efforts of that statesman, so the same debate in the Peers was illuminated by one of the finest speeches that ever fell from Count de Montalambert. Yet nothing could be more opposed than the views of these distinguished individuals. M. de Montalambert was as much charmed with the government of M. Guizot for its efforts in favour of the Swiss Sonderbund as M. Thiers was irritated. There is, in every man's character, a romantic side, although he may not suspect so himself. M Thiers believes himself to be the most positive, practical, and matter-of-fact of mankind, yet the battles of the Empire fill his

imagination as with great pictures, and he is a hero-worshipper. In politics he is a stickler for authority. What military history is to Thiers, ecclesiastical records are to Montalambert, and he would erect priestly authority over every other. There was no metaphor, figure, or other poetical, romantic, or—what is more closely connected than is generally supposed—philosophical sign in the language of Montalambert on the occasion, the great occasion of his oration in the Chamber of Peers. The simple picture of a venerable Church taking refuge in the land of Tell, amongst a pure pastoral people, amidst their native ramparts, at a moment when authority was everywhere being loosened, and the sympathies that were awakened on their behalf, were all urged with a fervid earnestness that shook the most staid and impassable of well-bred assemblies. The ministers were delighted, and applauded without measure. The frigid Duke of Nemours descended from his seat and gave his hand to the orator. For days subsequent, the denizens of the Faubourg St. Germain crowded the residence of Montalambert, in the Rue du Bac. He took to his bed with excitement, and that was his last speech as a Peer.

In the National Assembly, Montalambert was a different man from what he was in the Chamber

of Peers, He was ill-received at the tribune; but from the outset he retorted on his assailants and interrupters with an expression of disdain which seems to make part of his character. As we said when speaking of Berryer, that an unrivalled pulpit orator was lost in him, so we would say of Montalambert, that he would have made a capital controversialist priest. There is in his general style and appearance something which is half clerical and half fashionable. His manner is taunting and provocative. He holds his head on one side, and throws at the Mountain those long askance looks which a nose *un peu retroussé*, helps to render particularly saucy. Only that he is a man of fashion he would look very like a pedagogue dealing with the whole rabble of Communists, Socialists, and rebels against Church authority as a set of school boys, whom having severely lectured and reprimanded, he would willingly chastise. With all his oratorical powers he is supplanted by the milder de Falloux, a man of about the same age as himself; like himself, a good son of the Church, and not gifted with free power of speech, but known as the writer of the "Life of Pius V." In this work de Falloux shows that he would reinstate priestly authority even as it was when this pontiff hurled his imbecile excommunication at the head of Queen Elizabeth.

Authority, which with Montalambert is a dogma, is with de Falloux a sentiment. The physiognomy of the latter is such as you would attribute to a pious crusader, as the crusader is represented kneeling in monumental marble. A high pale brow, soft mild eye, regular features, and a pointed beard elongating the oval face. It is to de Falloux, and not to Montalambert, that the Church party look. While such able champions of authority as these, remained faithful to their party and their convictions, the Republicans obtained a conquest from the ranks of the old parliamentary *centre gauche* in the person of M. Billault, who afforded a pledge that his newly-adopted sentiments were not simulated but real, by rallying to the side of the *droit au travail,* the feasibility of which was alone believed in by the Red Republicans and Socialists, or, as they were classed under the one general designation, of *Montagnards.* In speaking to the question, he described himself to have been all his life a positive and practical man, the very reverse of a Utopian. He believed that there was a debt due by society to the working classes, which it behoved it to pay. The evil was flagrant, and they could not shut their eyes to it. He believed that the debt could be paid, and should be paid. Was it true that with the undeniable advantages that had grown up, misery had

kept equal pace? Was it true that in the great centres of industry there were profound, chronic, permanent, sufferings?

Still M. Billault did no more than assert with Lamartine and others, that the principle ought to be affirmed, and that they should set about to make, rather to seek, some means of carrying out the principle by law. From this day forth M. Billault was viewed with coldness by the old Parliamentary party, and regarded as a man ambitious of leadership. It was recollected that although he had been attached to the party of M. Thiers by the ties of office, having been made under Secretary of State by that gentleman, yet, that of late years, he showed a disposition to set up for himself, and add one more fraction of party to the numerous fractions of party into which the Chamber of Deputies was divided. It was on the ground of envenomed hostility to England, that M. Billault used to take his stand. He was foremost in declaring against the *droit de visite*, and was mainly instrumental in forcing both governments into the substitution of the new treaty for blockading the coast of Africa for the old, giving a right of search of all suspected vessels. The purity of his motives was somewhat affected by the fact that he was the chosen—may we not say, without offence, the hired—advocate of the slave

holders of Nantes; and an advocate this gentleman is, rather than a statesman. He is a plain, business-like man in appearance, of considerable fluency and some acuteness, but without the slightest pretensions to what he so much aspires—that of a party leader.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAGRANGE OF LYONS.

In dealing with particular principles and their champions, we cannot fail to be frequently struck with incongruities sometimes formed by the contrast of the principles with the man. If we find some particular individual most forward in the utterance of benevolent sentiments, the chance is that the lip philanthropist is truculent in act, and ferocious at heart. The worst moral phenomenon of these times, is the revolution of an irreligious hypocrisy. Religious hypocrisy is often weakness of will; the succumbing of virtue to desire, followed by an effort to hide a sense of shame, and that sometimes by means of self-deluding sophistry. Irreligious or non-religious hypocrisy must be rank depravity, for it is not put on to hide

weakness, but deliberately assumed for selfish purposes. An amiable and good man, the worthy son of the famous philanthropist De Tracy, the friend of Lafayette, proposed to inscribe on the constitution the abolition of capital punishment. His motion was unfortunately seconded by Lagrange, familiarly called Lagrange of Lyons. Who is Lagrange of Lyons? On the night of the 23rd February, a man stole along under the shadow of the low wall, formed by the elevated *trottoirs*, which at a few feet distance from the houses on the north side of the Boulevard des Capucines, makes the sunken narrow street called the Rue Basse du Rampart. It was about 10 o'clock,—six hours previously, the call for reform had been granted, the people were joyful, but it was judged necessary to keep guard over the Hotels of Ministers. A line of soldiers was drawn across the Boulevard des Capucines, a little above the Hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to prevent crowds assembling on that point. A picquet of cavalry mounted guard behind. A mob of persons preceded by boys carrying torches attempted to force their way through the line of soldiers. The officer on duty was remonstrating, in the expectation of turning them aside, as he had turned other mobs of the same kind. While the parley was proceeding, a pistol shot was fired from the *Rue Basse*, a soldier

was wounded, the line retaliated—the dragoons galloped up, making a semi-circle of fire with their carbines, and the *National* put into print that fifty-two persons fell killed and wounded. With a promptitude that betrayed the plot, several tumbrils advanced; the dying and the wounded were put into them. The gloomy procession advanced to the *National* office: the glad tidings were sped through the markets and faubourgs, and the Republic was raised in the dark conspiracy of which Lagrange of Lyons was the instrument.

The people of the faubourgs of Paris, subsequently elected this man to a seat in the National Assembly; and his first essay is to render impossible by his support the humane proposition of Destutt de Tracy. Yet it would be unjust to this Guy Fawkes, to confound him with the vulgar assassin. He is a political fanatic, as Jacques Clement was. Only he would feel humiliated to be put in the same category; because Clement was a Jesuit, and he has no belief except in human perfectibility after some strange type, dimly pictured in the chaos of a disordered imagination. He was in this wicked business, the dupe and tool of others, who had neither his fanaticism or his daring, such as it was. Whenever M. Lagrange mounted the tribune, an eye accustomed to watch the physiognomy of the Assembly might perceive

an air of sadness steal over the right benches. Proudhon excited curiosity, Leroux impatience, Lagrange a shudder and a horror. The man has no power of utterance, nor is he dogmatic, or paradoxical, or offensive; but he is associated with great ruin: he fired the train that shook all Europe, and spread devastation and massacre through the principal capitals and provinces of the continent. He knew not the sum of mischief he was perpetrating. What imagination could conceive it, and the mind retain its sanity. Lagrange has the look of a half insane man. At one time he may have passed for handsome. His features are spirited and striking, and are set off by an abundance of hair, that was once coal black; but the eternal scowl which sits on the man's visage, and which is rather affected than natural, his fantastic attitudes, and foppish dress, combine to give him the air of a stage bravo, hired to stand at the corner of a scene with folded arms, look daggers, and say nothing. To him might Macbeth truly address the speech, that "his spirit shone through him." Like that spiteful, merciless, but great man Cardinal Richelieu, the ultra-revolutionist Lagrange is said to waste away his leisure hours in the company of cats. While sitting in the Assembly, he sucks unceasingly a camphorated quill, and varies his attitude *ad infinitum*. We wish we could find even

more details about this person; for nothing is immaterial concerning the man, who on the night of the 23rd of February, caused the blood to flow in which a humane King, to use a phrase of Chateaubriand, "slipped and fell," and left to Pope, Emperor, Kings, and Potentates, to desolate cities, countries, and provinces, many a day of shame and misery. He is a lion at Socialist banquets, and the recognised organ of the friends of the transported Insurgents of June. He has proved unremitting in his efforts to attain a general amnesty, but when he wrings his hands, and weeps, and prays for mercy, the night of the 23rd February, like "the widow's curse," in the energetic language of Massinger, "hangs on his arm."

CHAPTER XV.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—EX-BARON CHARLES DUPIN.

It was on the 26th of September that Louis Napoleon Buonaparte took his seat in the National Assembly. He had been elected by Paris, and by the departments of the Charente and Yonne, and such manifestations of popular enthusiasm had everywhere appeared as to have strengthened the uneasiness and deepened the distrust with which the heir of the Emperor had been viewed by the Republican party. It was resolved, however, to treat the Prince with perfect indifference, so far as indifference can be put on by an assembly, for the nonce-sustained indifference by a large popular body being out of the question. When Louis Napoleon entered the *salle* he was greeted with no friendly welcome. Quietly, almost timidly he

crept to the seat which was held vacant by his old tutor, M. Viellard, whose affectionate smile and pressure of the hand were the only demonstrations of kindness that cheered this hitherto unfortunate exile. As soon as the President proclaimed that the *Citizen* Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was a representative of the people, the new representative said, "*Je demande la parole.*" Straightway he mounted the tribune without a mark of encouragement. His self-possession did not forsake him as he proceeded to read from a written paper, which in concise and unaffected language declared that he owed too deep a debt of gratitude to the Republic, which had given to him after thirty-three years of proscription and exile, a country and the rights of citizenship, not to devote himself to its service.

Simple and touching as was this appeal, it did not break the icy reserve which had been adopted. The enemies of the Prince were in one respect disappointed, and in another most perversely gratified. It was expected and hoped that he would have made his appearance in the midst of some claptrap or *coup de théâtre*, some miserable parody of his wonderful uncle's manner, that would have raised a laugh fatal to his *prestige*. He did quite the reverse. The compensating gratification was furnished by the discovery that the Prince had a

German accent, and that he was very unlike a Parisian.

It was perceived that if he did not afford the handle of an absurd *entrée* on the political scene, his accent would furnish an exhaustless series of little ridicules that would wear him down, amongst a people who with a readiness for great changes, are the greatest conservatives of small habits, of routine, and petty proprieties, of any nation, rather of any city, on the face of the globe.

There could be no salon *convenance* with a German brogue. The Prince had only to open his mouth, to offend the delicacy of ears not naturally very musical. The fact that the Prince could not speak French was registered that evening by the newspapers, and repeated next morning with cordial satisfaction. No event had caused so much pleasure since the limp of the Duc de Bordeaux. When it was discovered that the royal Pretender halted, he was looked upon as civilly dead.

A tongue that could not fluently utter the language of Racine, would in vain have pleaded the memory of Napoleon. In order to settle for ever with the Prince, it became necessary to draw him out. It was evident from his being obliged to commit to paper the few sentences that he uttered on his introduction, as well as from his general

bearing, that he did not possess a ready elocution, and on this foundation was reared a little battery of tormenting insinuations, a discharge from which did eventually succeed in stinging Louis Napoleon into an effort at an extemporaneous speech, which proved, as had been expected, a breakdown; whereupon there was an outburst of joy, and the journals duly registered the exclamations of Flocon, of the big Anthony Thouret, and of Clement Thomas, that their minds were at ease on the score of a Pretender.

The Prince declared with spirit and dignity that he had once for all answered the calumnious insinuations as to his objects, which had been so repeatedly urged and disavowed, and that henceforth he would not notice any attacks of the kind. The shop windows were filled with caricatures. Paris had so long dictated to the country that it was fondly fancied that the reign of the capital was still supreme. Perhaps no man had ever been so caricatured before and lived it down. The Prince bore this lithographic persecution without evincing the least irritation. Was it real superiority, or mere stolidity—had he been tamed by imprisonment and exile, and had he suffered too much in reality and in fact, to heed such impertinences? Was he too really rejoiced to find himself at home in his own country, to allow his happi-

ness to be overshadowed by the petulance of such wits? Did he think it impossible that pictures and squibs could destroy the impression of the *Arc de triomphe de l'Etoile*, of the bronze column in the imperial looking Place Vendome, of the tomb at the Invalides? There can be no doubt that the Prince felt profound faith in his popularity with the people. He knew that the day of perfect triumph would come, and that he would receive full compensation for the distrust of the National Assembly, and the disdain of his opponents. Whatever destiny may be reserved for Louis Napoleon, we now know that hitherto he has suffered too much from the contemptuous opinion of men. A life, that should his future career prove good or glorious, will be regarded as marked by events of the most touching romance, has hitherto been treated as undeserving of respect, or only deserving of blame. He was born in Paris, the 20th April, 1808. His father, the King of Holland, was a good conscientious man, who devoted himself to the interests of the people whom he was placed over, and by his virtuous independence incurred the displeasure of the Emperor. His mother, Hortense, was the daughter of that Josephine whose memory, despite her failings, will ever be regarded by the French with tender and romantic interest.

Louis Napoleon comes, then, from the best branch of the Imperial stock, no less the heir of his great uncle, than the claimant of the debt due to his beloved ancestress for her sufferings. The birth of Louis Napoleon took place when Napoleon was at the height of his power, when the continent was at his feet, and when antique glorious nations were reckoned as mere departments of France. It was Josephine herself who stood sponsor for the young Prince. The baptismal ceremony was performed by his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, and Paris hailed the ceremony with magnificent fêtes. He was seven years old when Hortense was obliged to retire from Paris. The Empire had perished. The unfortunate Princess took up her abode at Augsburg, where she superintended her son's education, until she was obliged to quit Bavaria and to seek an asylum in Switzerland, choosing the Canton of Thurgovia on the borders of the Lake of Constance.

When of sufficient age to serve, Louis Napoleon entered the Swiss army, in a regiment of which Dufour, subsequently the Commander-in-Chief of the federal army against the Sonderbund, was colonel. While yet almost a boy the Prince, with his brother, became engaged in an attempt to revolutionize the Roman States, and had the misfortune to witness the death of his brother in

an affair so miserable that it has already passed into obscurity. He, himself, was saved at Ancona from the search of the Austrian police by the address of his mother, who boldly hid him in the very palace of the governor. Having been refused a residence in France by the government of Louis-Philippe, the Prince took refuge in England, from whence, in August 1831, he returned to Switzerland, and, on his arrival, received a deputation from the Poles, then making a desperate struggle against Russia, who offered to place themselves under his command.

His subsequent attempt to get up a military revolt at Strasburg; his later attempt at a *coup de main* at Boulogne; his arrest, condemnation, and long imprisonment at Ham, with his adventurous escape, are too familiar to need more than a passing allusion.

There are now three circumstances which, connected with the life and adventures of the Prince, cannot fail to strike observation:

1st. His deep-rooted conviction in his own destiny.

2nd. The fact that all that is interesting and touching in his history, has been hidden under public acts, whose failure has given them a half stupid, half ludicrous aspect in the eyes of the world; and,

3rd. That this Prince, at whom the wits of Paris were laughing, and whom the people of other countries regarded as weak and dull, if not positively wicked, possessed a popularity such as no living man could boast; a devotion to his person that was not suspected until it blazed out of a sudden in all parts of the land: east, west, north, and south, and with an intensity recognized by all to be irresistible.

We must endeavour to examine this matter a little more. There were many reasons why the world should have deceived itself as to the character and prospects of Louis Napoleon. There was a more immediate and important pretender in the field, should the throne of Louis-Philippe come to be contested; that adversary in the eyes of all men, was the Duke of Bordeaux. It was, accordingly, about this young Prince that public interest attached itself.

The sympathies of the sovereigns of the north were with him; the feelings of the clergy were on his side; the old families clung to the principle of legitimacy; and the rural population were considerably influenced by the clergy, who, for sake of conveying a clear meaning, we must still call the aristocracy. Nor did the middle and industrial classes turn their attention at all towards the Bonapartists. They could not reconcile the

name of Bonaparte with peace, and they could not view with pleasure the prospect of general war, which would have deranged their affairs. The literary men, although less peaceably disposed, yet never could forget or forgive the hard regime under which the press lay bound and gagged. The gigantic struggles of the Empire, so fruitless of results, left after them a long sense of weariness. War could not be made to support itself now, and the budget had so swelled, that added taxation to support war, would prove excessively onerous.

To all these reasons must be added moral considerations. All nations are brought closer together, and by mutual intercourse have rubbed off many prejudices. They feel that there is cruelty in treading down the fruits of the husbandmen, in sacking towns, and giving over civilized people and gentle and innocent families' homes to the licentiousness of armies. Such were some of the general considerations which helped to throw the heir of Napoleon into the shade. His two efforts to seize the crown rested evidently on the army, and, had either succeeded, the army would, it was not irrationally conceived, be taught to feel like Pretorians; to regard the young Cæsar as the puppit they had set up, and having set up might pull down. There would have been an end of discipline and no security from this emperor-

making-army but by employing it in war. The success of Louis Napoleon at Strasburg or at Boulogne would, hence, have led to war as the least of two evils—for war would have been a less evil than military anarchy.

The trial of Louis Napoleon by the Chamber of Peers in 1840, for the attempt at Boulogne, served to sink him utterly. His German accent, his difficulty of speech, and as a consequence his somewhat confused manner, were regarded as signs of weakness of mind. The tame Eagle had given an irremediable air of folly to the Boulogne expedition. The tame manner of the hero on the great stage of a state trial, when flippant audacity would have been better than ill-guarded silence, or still more awkward replies betraying a want of presence of mind,—this tame-bearing manner giving no hold to admiration and on which sympathy fell deadened, put an end to any interest that might have been felt in the hero's fate. He might have lain for ever in the fortress of Ham, as forgotten as a victim consigned to an *oubliette* in times of feudal oppression. He escaped, and, as a matter of course, sought the hospitable shores of England; and while in London launched into the gay world of fashion confounded in the crowd of frivolous votaries of pleasure.

The Monarchy is withdrawn, and the Republic

set up in its place. Louis Napoleon is free to visit his native land; but in a moment of revolutionary chaos, where anything may be expected and no party need despair, the Prince was regarded still as a mere adventurer, who came to try his luck.

The Provisional Government evinced uneasiness at the presence of the Bonaparte, and the Prince withdrew; but the few days or hours of his obscure stay in the capital must have been filled with deep emotions pregnant with great hope.

How powerfully must not his earliest impressions, those the most ineffaceable, the impressions of childhood, have returned upon him? The child who, at seven years of age, is treated as the heir to a crown, will be all his life a King in feeling: take such a child, and let his youth and manhood be buffetted from shore to shore, an exile and an adventurer, making desperate attempts to recover what he deems his birthright; failing—then tried, then imprisoned, then an exile again, taking the last plunge of despair, which is dissipation, until sobered by the advent of a hope arising from events which have shaken the world. Place him again on the ground of his childhood: let us imagine him before the palace of the Tuileries, resplendent with the glories of the Empire, and now only saved after the vilest profanation

from being destroyed by drunken and debauched revolters, by having had scrawled upon its walls "Hotel des Invalides du travail;" in other words, asylum for superannuated paupers; while it is in the meantime a hospital for those who were wounded on the 24th of February. From the garden side he would see attired in long grey coats, and wearing white night caps, the gallant burners and suffocators of the poor Municipal Guards of the Château d'Eau, enjoying those terraces which were ever the delight of his mother and grandmother. Standing in the whirl of such ruin in presence of a monument that remained erect through so many changes and revolutions, like an enduring rock, testifying of stability and order, and to him doubly so, for order was the law of Napoleon's mind; can we be surprised if the vows that he made were in favour of the restoration of society. The wild voice of the revolution might howl in his ears that the name of Bonaparte had no power or authority in a time of doctrinal discovery; but that prince could not take one step without encountering a monument, so expressive of Napoleon, and so much eclipsing or absorbing all other monuments, as to make the great mistress of continental cities look to have been moulded by his hand and stamped with his genius. Even at Nôtre Dame, which is to o

Paris what the Madeleine is to the new, the visitor's dreams of old times are disturbed by an invitation to see, what? The robes which Napoleon wore on the day of his coronation. And the man who sorrowed and suffered, saw all this as no other man could see it; his faith grew strong, and with the prescience that had its source in profound feelings, he felt that the name which drew France out of revolutionary chaos, might again achieve the same glory, but combined with the goodness that animated the heart of Louis, King of Holland. The passion of love with which not only the distant provinces but the capital itself hailed the new condition of Louis Napoleon, when he at length determined on waiving delicate scruples and taking his seat in the Assembly, seemed to have confounded all parties. The Monarchists thought it prudent not to attempt to stem the popular will; and it speaks well for the object of an ovation, the like of which had never been witnessed, in numbers and intensity, that he did not for a moment lose his head, and that being the only man not taken by surprise, he advanced steadily along the path which he had evidently long marked out in his own mind. The writings of Louis Napoleon had been brought into notice some time after the revolution, and they did him good service in this

way, that they showed him to be a man who understood the spirit of his own time. The questions to which he applied his mind while a prisoner at Ham, referred to the two great wants of French society. The first, the combination of authority in the government with social equality; and secondly, the extinction of pauperism, which has become the less endurable on account of that deep seated spirit of equality, which, irremovable as a sentiment, will oblige all society to conform itself in some way to the over-ruling feeling. The strength of Socialism lies here.

The following reflections on pauperism were published by the Prince ten years ago.

"The reign of caste is finished; there is no way of governing except through the masses: while government must be according to their will, it becomes the more necessary that they be so disciplined, that they may be directed and enlightened as to their true interests. Government can no longer be carried on by force and violence; the people must be led towards something better, through appeals to their reason and their hearts. But as the masses require to be taught and made moral, and as authority requires on its side to be kept within bounds, and to be itself enlightened upon the interests of the greatest number, two movements become, as of necessity,

of equal force: action of power on the mass, and the reaction of the mass on power. But these two influences can only act without clashing by means of intermediaries, which possess at once the confidence of those whom they represent, and of those who govern. These intermediaries will have the confidence of the former so soon as they shall be freely elected by them, and of the latter when they shall fill an important place in society; for it may be said with truth, in general, that man is what the function which he fills obliges him to be."

There cannot surely be a higher appreciation of moral dignity than in these passages. Education is pointed at as of absolute necessity; with education, free choice of representatives, and at the same time authority and dignity in the governing powers, but of moral acquirement. The following passages from the Prince's "*Idées Napoléoniennes*," published a year later evince even in a stronger light the character of his mind and the nature of his studies.

"When there is no longer public spirit, nor religion, nor political faith, some one, at least, of these three things must be created anew before liberty can be considered possible. When successive changes of the Constitution have shaken the respect due to the law, the influence of law

must be revived before liberty can become possible. When ancient manners have been destroyed by a social revolution, new manners must be formed in accordance with the new principles before liberty can be possible. When government, whatever be its form, has neither force nor prestige, and there exists no order either in the administration or in the state, fresh prestige must be created and order re-established before liberty can be possible. When in a country where there is no longer an aristocracy and no other organized body but the army, it becomes necessary to re-constitute civil order, based upon a precise and regular organization before liberty can be possible."

It is a proof how much adventitious circumstances, more than abstract merit, affect society, that sentiments like these were allowed to pass unheeded, because they emanated from an adventurer, supposed to be ruined, and whose success would have confounded parties. Had the Duke of Bordeaux published such opinions, they would have been received with an adulation as much beyond their real merit, as the neglect that attended them was unworthy of the independence that ought to characterize thinking people. Why Louis Napoleon should be no orator is explained by the axiomatic character of his writings; a frequent

sententiousness is the fruit of reflection and thought, and the tribune is not the place for the utterance of phrases which resume much previous study, to which the hearers have not been gradually conducted while charmed and interested on the way. It would be too much to say that the works of the Prince display extraordinary literary merit. Perhaps so much the better. When there is genius, at least so it is with Frenchmen in these our days, there is often a love of paradox, a desire for extravagance, and, unconsciously it may be, a distortion of views. A governor of genius might, in times where so many things have to be fixed in their proper places, and set right, be tempted into adventures that might cost tears and blood. What is wanted is a man of solid judgment, good principles, good heart, a clear and cultivated understanding. Do not these extracts reveal such qualities? By the light of subsequent events, as it generally happens, we see more clearly, qualities which before we could not discern for ourselves.

The moment of the arrival of Louis Napoleon was well calculated to enable him to form an opinion of the powers of leading men. He took his seat in the midst of the debate upon the most important question, whether the Parliament should be composed of one or two Chambers. It was on

this question, and in support of two Assemblies that Odilon Barrot delivered perhaps the best speech he ever made in his life. It was quite an oratorical triumph, as sound in matter as it was effective in manner. It was this speech that in all probability suggested the fit man to be first Minister of the Republic, as soon as it should be regularly constituted by the election of the President. It happened, however, that it was the ex-Baron Charles Dupin who resumed the debate, which was an adjourned one, on this question, and curiously enough, his views were in direct opposition to those of his more celebrated brother. As Dupin the elder is a lawyer, so Charles Dupin is the incarnation of figures,—a very calculating machine. The British House of Commons could not furnish a more exclusive dealer in arithmetic. The two sides of a question are to him the two sides of an account; his arguments a running debtor and creditor, his conclusions a balance sheet. The science of statistics is most valuable, and statistics employed as an element in the consideration of a question, give accuracy and strength to general arguments. But there can be no doubt that an exclusive reliance on figures is too much the fashion of the day, and that parliamentary debates have been lowered and vulgarized, by the haggling and peddling tone, the fighting over

accounts, recently brought into fashion by the study, if study it be, of blue books. Dulness has discovered a way by which it may look profound, and men of comprehensive intellects, apprehensive of appearing rhetorical and ill-informed, feel obliged to follow in the track of this dulness. Burke, the most brilliant, as well as the most solid of statesmen, he who possessed the ore with its lustre and its standard value, employed statistics most copiously, but in due subordination to great principles, whose truth and working may ever be tested by details, but not supplanted by them. Charles Dupin looks the character of his mind and habits of thinking. He is tall and lean, of cold eye and bilious complexion, yet choleric as a dogmatist. The wonder in the present instance was, not that he should have brought his figures to bear against his brother's law, but that his brother should have taken up a position that astounded his friend Lord Brougham. The truth would appear to be, that only some men like Odilon Barrot and Duvergier de Hauranne were swayed by considerations of a constitutional character, others were moved by views which were independent of the constitutional question at issue. Charles Dupin seeing that society had been saved by the promptitude with which the Assembly in June invested one man with the executive power, and enabled him to provide mea-

sures that a day's delay might have rendered valueless, voted for a single Chamber. So completely had authority been broken down by the destruction of royalty, that it appeared well to him that such authority as had been spared, should be concentrated somewhere. A battle had been fought and won, but the campaign might be renewed at any time; Socialism had been "scotched, not killed." Its attack would depend for success on its suddenness, and on surprise. The means of defence ought to be simple and ready. It might be dangerous to have to reconcile two houses at such a moment, when by the artful tactics of party, seeds of division might previously have been sown between them. Both might chance to be bidding against each other for popularity. Their mutual distrust, or their struggle for influence, might paralyse the action of both. The army might not know from what side it should take its orders. Dissension between the legislative powers might create wavering in the National Guard; one party would alone see its way clearly, be unhampered by scruples, unchecked by hesitations, and that party the enemy of society. It was therefore on special grounds, not without weight, that Charles Dupin sided with the genuine Democrats, to whom he was all his life opposed, and voted for a single Assembly. There were

some, who, on the contrary, maintained the one Chamber, in the expectation that it would become a long Parliament, or Convention; yet this party has, according to an acute writer, M. de Barante, made a mistake, and for this ingenious reason, that by allowing a senate to be made they would have removed all, or the greater number of the political celebrities of the day, from the lower to the upper House, and the new men, who had not yet acquired influence, would not be blazed down as they of late have been, by the distinguished senators of the monarchy. The truth of the observation has already been proved, for we have had occasion to notice more than once, and to dwell upon the fact, that as soon as the effervescence attending the early meetings of the Assembly had subsided, we saw the old familiar names regain their ascendancy, and the obscure aspirants to parliamentary fame shrink back, awed by their own sense of infirmity.

CHAPTER XVI.

FELIX PYAT AND THE MOUNTAIN.

It was as we have seen, by allies connected together by different motives, that the resolution of limiting the Parliament to one Assembly was carried. The effect of this resolution was greatly to enhance the position of the President of the Republic; for instead of becoming a moderator and arbitrator in the state, he would now stand on the same footing as the Assembly itself—elected like it by universal suffrage, and entitled, it might be, to draw inferences as to his own rights of a dubious character. He would have a right to say that he was chosen to do the will of the people, and to refer to popular opinion as his authority rather than to the Assembly. There would be even this difference in his favour, that while the

Assembly was composed of individuals, each of whom only represented a particular locality beyond which he might not be known, the President would be known to all the people, and chosen by all the people. If the unique expression of the nation's will was to be sought for anywhere, it would surely be in the person chosen by the universal voice. The resolution not to have a senate, amounted virtually to a denial of the constitutional principle of checks and balances, and to the confounding of legislation and execution, which experience had proved ought to be kept separate.

The extreme left, called the Mountain, having led more moderate republicans into the rejection of a senate, conceived that they had created a basis for the rejection of a President, and it was fairly enough argued that the consequence of the former ought to be the conferring upon the single Assembly the whole power of the state. As the Assembly was not to be balanced by a senate, why should it be balanced by a President? Why should two rival powers be placed face to face? The end might be, that the President, taking advantage of some popular delusion or exorbitant popularity, would some day or other have himself declared President for life, King or Emperor. It was, therefore, contended that the strict logical result of a determination to have but one Assembly

should be, that the President should derive his authority from this Assembly itself, in order that it might control him and hold him by a responsibility from which universal suffrage would, in a considerable degree, relieve him. It was further suggested that in choosing his ministers, a President elected by the universal suffrage of the nation would feel independent, not only of the Assembly but of ministers themselves. He might say, that being personally responsible—for the maxim that a King can do no wrong did not cover him—he could not feel bound to follow the advice of ministers, although imposed by a majority of the Assembly. Suppose it should happen that the Assembly had ceased to represent the feelings of the people on some vital question, and that its term of three years was running to a close, why the next Assembly might impeach him, for his responsibility held him bound to the nation, and not to one particular Parliament more than another. He might, therefore, at any time reject the advice of ministers, and stand out against the majority, pleading his personal responsibility—his belief in the general opinion—while at the same time, the appeal to that belief might lead to a demonstration fatal to the popular body, because less popular than the chief of the state.

All dangers and inconveniencies would be

removed, it was said, by making the sole Assembly a really unique power. The departure from checks and balances in the powers of the state, justified the line of argument taken by the Mountain, while it exposed the inconsistencies into which their opponents had allowed themselves to be drawn by a departure from principle.

But if the one side feared a President, the other feared an Assembly which would concentrate all powers, legislative and executive, in its own hands; such an Assembly would soon become a convention, and that was precisely what the Mountain wanted to effect. If the apprehensions of what a President might become were quickened by the presence of a Louis Bonaparte, his presence was viewed with at least equal satisfaction by those of all parties, other than the Republican, who were glad to see a person appear on the stage who might, by the *prestige* of his name, save them from that greatest of all dangers—an unchecked, uncontrolled, democratic body, animated with recollections of the first great revolution, and ready to imitate its worst acts.

The organ of the Mountain on this occasion was Felix Pyat, a man who, like all the conspicuous members of his party, was full of paradox. Pyat is a dramatic writer, who does not halt midway,

like Victor Hugo, but goes the whole length of the principle from which he takes his line of departure. He would despise as so much trick the diluting a heap of vice with some impossibly isolated virtue. All society is rotten in his eyes. It must be pulled down utterly that the dregs may rise to the top. He is the most sombre of misanthropists—the most acrid of cynics—the fiercest of demagogues. Hugo degrades royalty by his pictures, and would uphold it—debases aristocracy, and yet would maintain it—he describes the objects of his worship, and finds in his own desecration further motives for reverence. It is only another form of pride—"Behold what he may do with impunity." There is no such egotism as this in Pyat. He is thinking altogether of his work, and that is destruction. A little before the revolution, Pyat employed the theatre, as Sand and Sue had employed the *feuilleton*, as a means of irritating the poor against the rich. His "Chiffonier de Paris" was to most persons a repulsion; to some an attractive drama.

The sojourner in Paris is well acquainted with the appearance of the wretched Chiffonier, as he sallies forth at night, a lantern in one hand, a short stick with a hook at the end in the other, a basket strapped to his back, and his little wiry-haired dog,

helping him in his search for rags, bones, shreds and patches. The dwelling of the chiffonier, in the remote and filthy Rue Mouffetard, is miserable in the extreme. His room is the storehouse of his diggings in the dust and ashes of an exhaustless California. Pyat takes for his hero the Chiffonier in all his hideous squallidness, fills him with all virtues, and by way of contrast, presents some characters taken from the titled and wealthy classes, whose lives are stained with the foulest crimes. No one will attempt to say that a Chiffonier is not deserving of all sympathy—or that there is any creature of the family of man who ought to be held irrevocably doomed to misery; but that which is condemnable is this way of showing off assumed virtues by assumed vices; as if the virtues were the property of one class and the vices of another.

The moral intended to be drawn from a story in which the poor are painted all good, which they are not, and the rich all bad, which they are not either,—that moral is neutralized by the predetermined bad faith of the author. He writes not to shame and subdue obduracy in high places, or to soften and elevate the suffering, but to inflame and irritate passion, to whet vengeance, and to hound on to crime. This repulsive work had been

preceded by a play of his, in which the most daring liberty was taken with a piece of familiar history, for sake of indulging the mind in its propensity to paradox. Pyat chose Diogenes for his hero, and the famed Aspasia for his heroine. Animated by whim or caprice, the fascinating dame in all the lustre of her charms and dress, and attended by an illustrious train of admirers, pays a visit to the tub of the cynic, at the moment when he is more than ordinarily ungracious, and she falls in love with him.

And yet M. Pyat is far from presenting in his own person that taste for rags which strike his imagination so agreeably. He wears a long beard it is true, but it is carefully attended to. His head seems at least to be under the constant care of the coiffeur. Nor is his manner in the tribune unattractive. His countenance is striking and intelligent—his eyes are lustrous and fine, with a somewhat gloomy expression. His speeches have sometimes thrown the Assembly into a fever of indignation, by the savageness of his attacks on the *bourgeoisie*; yet he not unfrequently extracts a laugh by the bitter pungency of his well prepared, well polished, and well finished antithesis. A Revolutionist, Red Republican, Socialist, Communist, scowling at palaces, and *habitué* of the haunts

of misery, he is still but a *littérateur*. Above all and before all, being an artist, he would overthrow society with a view to art. The conflagration would first be made for sake of the picture, and then—*nous aviserons*.

CHAPTER XVII.

M. DUFAURE—COUNT MOLE—MARSHAL BUGEAUD.

FOUR months had nearly elapsed since the Insurrection of June, and the tranquillity which the country owed to the severe and firm, yet withal mild government of General Cavaignac, was considered to be so well secured as to justify the removal of the state of siege. The head of the government determined at the same time to strengthen his hands by calling to his counsels two or three eminent statesmen, who, although they might have served under the Monarchy, yet bore such character for probity and independence, as to disavow the jealousies of the strictly Republican party; while they would bring with them the support of their numerous friends, softened and satisfied as these would be by such deference to their feelings.

It was not an easy matter for General Cavaignac to manage the necessary negotiations. He was himself the recognized head of the Republicans. He was the brother of Godfrey Cavaignac—the son of a Conventionalist who had been an agent of the Committee of Public Safety—he had been cradled in respect and love for the men of the Revolution. He had, on the other hand, fought with and crushed a Socialist rebellion. He was, therefore, compromised for ever with the Ultra-Revolutionary party. But he was still surrounded by men who were most obnoxious to all sections of Conservatives, and he was reputed, although with little probability of justice, to lean for advice on persons whose principles were considered to be loose. In a word, it was thought that should the question arise between a restoration of the Monarchy and a Red Republic, he would accept the latter with all its dangers; or, as some would say, with all its horrors. A late circumstance had occurred to justify these assertions. It was discovered that Commissioners had actually been appointed, taken from some of the most ardent Republicans, with the mission to preach up Republicanism through the provinces, whose languid acceptance of a sort of government for which they had no taste, began to inspire uneasiness. The name Commissioner, after the example set by Ledru-Rollin's emissaries,

was enough to cause a ferment. It was a name indicative of corruption and intimidation coarsely exercised—of magistrates summarily dismissed—and the money of bankers impounded at the bidding of some *sans culotte* proconsul.

Three months of the most conciliatory conduct on the part of General Cavaignac had nearly been neutralized by this discovery. A question was raised in the Assembly, and although the explanation was offered that the so-called Commissioners were amicable volunteer agents going forth on a mission of conciliation, a deeply injurious impression remained. So far as he himself was personally concerned, Cavaignac could successfully stand upon his pre-eminent services to the cause of society, of order, and of civilization; but he could not remove the distrust with which his *entourage* was regarded. Negotiations, however, were renewed with the Parliamentary Club of the Rue de Poictiers, which was governed by M. Thiers chiefly, and afterwards mainly influenced, in accordance with that gentleman, by Count Molé, Marshal Bugeaud, and other distinguished members of the old Conservative party. The object of this club was to assemble all such representatives as were desirous of preserving society from the new doctrines, which, having already penetrated the masses in towns, were tempting ambitious

men to take advantage of the occasion that they might become popular leaders. Hence it was that in this club were found not only Monarchists and Bonapartists, but moderate Republicans. There was thus no inconsistency in General Cavaignac, who had saved society by the sword, seeking the support of a club which professed to maintain what he had saved. Furthermore, this distinguished man had resolved, that so long as he held what he looked upon as a provisional trust until the Constitution should pass and a regular Government be founded, he would regard himself as the organ of the Assembly, considered with reference to the majority.

In the Assembly there were three parties, the moderate Republicans, of which he was the head; the Red Republicans, under Ledru-Rollin, from whom he had broken; and that formidable coalition of old parliamentary members, generally called the Rue de Poictier's Club. No one of these parties could, by itself, carry any measure. The Red Republicans hated Cavaignac because they were obliged to do so, or to affect hatred out of obedience to the clubs. To them he could not look. The Moderate Republicans were divided out of jealousy towards the man who had supplanted the Executive Commissioners of Government; but those who had, like Garnier Pagès, Pagnerre, St.

Hilaire, and even Lamartine, been set aside to make room for the gallant General, did not, on that account, coalesce with the Mountain, as the ultra-Republicans were called. Cavaignac owed his position to the toleration of the Rue de Poictier's Club. Being aware that such was the case, he naturally desired to cultivate an open and avowed union as the more respectable and honest rather than this covert support, which was so little agreeable to his pride. At length M. Dufaure and M. Vivien consented to enter the cabinet, and their adhesion was inaugurated by a measure that virtually put an end to martial-law. Two more honourable men could hardly have been found, and yet their nomination was so ill taken that some Republican members resigned offices they held, and the newspapers raised the cry of reaction. M. Dufaure at once became the presiding spirit of Cavaignac's Administration. To the Republic he vowed the firmest allegiance, and to his chief—the most perfect expression of Republicanism, in its best form—he became personally attached. If M. Dufaure was sincere, in such an acceptance of the great change as had been made as amounted to conversion, such a fact would have been calculated to produce important results, not only as regarded the stability of the Republic, but in the guarantee afforded by such a man that modera-

tion and probity would, henceforth, be its animating principles. He would, at the same time, have done General Cavaignac the personal service of pledging the security of his own unimpeachable reputation to the country that there was no foundation for those floating suspicions about his Red Republican leanings, that the prudence, firmness, and good sense of his public conduct had failed to remove. The most obvious considerations, derived from evidence of good intentions, fail of effect upon excited political parties.

The presence of M. Dufaure only served to calm the mind of Conservatives and of the orderly part of the community pending the interval which was to elapse until the great question of the Presidency should be decided. He caused an alleviation of party warfare without altering party determinations. It had always been the fate of this gentleman to stand either alone, or only to sway a small party of friends. Upright and conscientious, he always was; but it was never an easy question to settle whether his habitual isolation arose from fastidious honesty or mere moroseness. He never could be called doctrinaire, *centre gauche*, or *gauche*, or *droit;* nor did he ever fluctuate between them. Always he preserved his personality. Where he did take, he took strongly. For Count Molé he felt respect and esteem, which

the latter reciprocated. With M. Passy he identified himself. But it was new and strange for this cold, reserved man to evince that ardour of devotion which he manifested towards General Cavaignac. Publicly did he declare, that in all his great and manifold experience of public men, he never found one who so completely satisfied his opinion.

There is something unique in the air and manner as in the eloquence of M. Dufaure. Cold, awkward, puritanical in look, as he ascends the tribune, he would seem the least fitted of men to sway a mixed French assembly, and yet, of all who were in the habit of addressing the house he was the most effective. Not that he was an orator in the sense in which Berryer, Thiers, Lamartine, or Barrot are orators, but because he was the best of every day debaters. Without wasting one word in the way of exordium, he went directly to the question, and dull must the hearers have been to whom the subject, after an exposure by M. Dufaure, did not become as clear as light. He was ever received with welcome, for seldom did he mount the tribune except for the purpose of extricating the matter in debate from what would appear inextricable confusion. Sober of gesture, and yet warm as those are warm who are anxious to make clear important truths, he poured forth a

stream of lucid language truly refreshing to the mind. In reply, Dufaure is unrivalled, for, without wandering from the point, without wasting a word on extraneous matter, except to throw it out of his way, he goes right to the heart of the question, and, clearing it from sophistry, holds it up like a radiant gem to the eyes of his delighted auditory.

Such a man, without being entitled to take first rank amongst statesmen or orators, and yet rejecting subordinate positions, filled, however, a post which no other man but himself could fill with the same effect. Without being witty or *spirituel*, he sometimes almost became so by his ready clearness. An example may suffice. While he was one day speaking, some rude member of the Mountain interrupted him with the continued growl of *contre révolutionnaire*. M. Dufaure stopped, and, with pungent logic, apostrophised the interrupter. "Well, I wonder that a gentleman who is more intelligent than I am does not comprehend that he who is *counted* revolutionary is revolutionary." The fineness of the retort told on his quick-witted audience, and he was allowed to proceed without further interruption. If we have at all succeeded in conveying an idea of this distinguished gentleman's characteristics, the reader will understand that such a man by temperament is republican.

As one of the Republicans of the *Gironde*, his mind may, probably, be imbued with recollections of the famous Girondist party. Had he lived at the time of the Revolution, his place would, undoubtedly, have been amongst them. He is fitted for equality rather than domination. His mind has not the expansive range, nor his feelings the breadth, nor his passions the strength necessary to give ascendancy over men. Nor would he submit to the ascendancy of others, for no blaze of eloquence or attractiveness of manner could blind or delude such a man to the real character of the subjects brought within the scope of his examination. Over him, there could be, therefore, no mastery.

This man, able to enlighten and convince, but not to overrule, and repelling at once, by mind and temperament, all attempted domination, is by nature a Republican. His thorough devotion to Cavaignac may be explained not only by the perfect straightforwardness and clear-headedness of the Republican soldier, but by a readiness to submit to experienced counsel, which made Dufaure his guide and friend. Such a man would never have conspired against the Monarch; indeed, the Crown was ever anxious to obtain his honest services, and there was no cabinet, however powerfully composed, but would have derived increased

influence from his support. When in office, he was accused of yielding too much to a royal master who was singularly gifted with the power of bending all men, coming within his reach, to his purposes. An honest and severe mind may yet give way occasionally where there is an amiability of nature, and Dufaure has, under his reserved and almost repelling exterior, a fund of kindliness.

A few days after the cabinet had been modified by the introduction of M. Dufaure and of M. Vivien, a man of great eminence appeared for the first time at the tribune—Count Molé. The return of this veteran statesman for Bordeaux, followed in a little while by that of Marshal Bugeaud for La Charente, produced a profound effect on all parties. In most of the late single elections the Republicans had received warnings enough that the country had recovered from its surprise. Within doors the effect was not less sensible. Thiers, Dupin, and other statesmen had had to win their way to attention. Molé had not assuredly served the Monarchy with less zeal—his name was not less odious to the revolutionary party—yet by the 26th October had this party so shrunk back, and the old men of eminence so gained in ascendancy, that M. Molé was spared the annoyance to which so many of his friends had been subjected; and it was amidst expressions of respect, mingled with congratulation, that he rose

to speak for the first time in the National Assembly. The question which induced him to break silence was somewhat nice. It was whether the election of the President of the Assembly should be fixed for the 10th December. The Republicans would have preferred an adjournment for a year, under pretext of having the organic laws as they were called, because they were supposed to be indicated by the constitution, all passed before the final constituent act should take place, that of appointing the executive head of the Republic. Men must for propriety sake appear to be guided by principle, while they are in reality swayed by notions which it is held decent to keep in the background. The Republicans desired the postponement, not for the sake of the organic laws, but because they feared Louis Napoleon. They hoped by maintaining the provisional state of things for a year or so—in other words, by keeping Cavaignac, an undoubted Republican, in power, one with all the necessary qualities for making a republic respectable,—that the new institutions would take root in the affections of the country, that the *prestige* surrounding the name of Louis Napoleon would be dissipated, and that the President would be Cavaignac himself. Curiously enough M. Molé made his first, indeed, only speech in favour of the republican view, and more curiously still, the

man most interested in its adoption, namely, General Cavaignac, opposed the postponement, insisted on an immediate election, and by his personal weight and influence effectually marred the intentions of his own friend, and of some of his opponents. The argument adduced by M. Molé for postponement, and by General Cavaignac against delay took like ground. Both contended that until a provisional state could be put an end to, and a government regularly and finally constituted, the public mind could not recover tranquil assurance. The organic laws having been declared to form the essential complement of the constitution, M. Molé would have it that there would still be a provisional state of things, notwithstanding the election of President, attended with this anomaly, that there would be on the one side an omnipotent constituent assembly which had abdicated a portion of its power, with on the other side a disarmed executive power, waiting for a future assembly to confer its full rights. The consequence of this mutually undefined and unsettled power must be misunderstanding and collision. General Cavaignac would not, however, consent to remain in an equivocal position. He was determined, that cost what it might, the country should be allowed as soon as possible the rightful exercise of the privilege with which it was en-

dowed by the constitution. If we must look for motives beyond the ostensible arguments advanced, we would be inclined to suspect that the friends of the dethroned dynasty voted with the Republicans from the same fear, that of the rising star of Louis Napoleon, only that their fear took a different direction. The Republican saw in the heir of the Emperor a new empire, and the Royalists an intrusive dynasty. A great many were swayed, too, by the assurance that a prolongation of the government of Cavaignac, was an assurance of protection. No party except the Bonapartists could have had any motive in urging on an election of President; but against all parties Cavaignac stood out, and as much by his personal influence as by the fear that, if defeated, he would resign, and leave the assembly exceedingly embarrassed for a successor, he carried the resolution for an early election. His friends, however, introduced a resolution which they expected would enable them to determine the election according to their wishes. It was resolved, that unless one candidate should have at least two millions of votes, and a clear half of all who polled, the choice should fall on the assembly itself. How the calculation failed we already know; but to return to M. Molé. He must have felt that he was in a strange place. He who had in his young

days written a political essay of such arbitrary flavour as to have attracted the notice of Napoleon, who conferred office upon him—he who under Louis-Philippe, leant to an alliance with Russia, and conciliated the favour of the Northern Courts—there he was now an active member of a constituent assembly. An empire and two monarchies were but as shadowy recollections, and the present a shadowy chaos. Yet with the weight of past recollections and present cares, and with the load of seventy-two years, Count Molé is the youngest looking man of his age in the world. In person he is small and dapper, and he dresses like a youth hardly out of his teens. His hair is not yet quite grey, but his face is grave and thoughtful. The form is long, and the lower part protrudes, and gives an expression of raillery, in which the ex-minister sometimes fondly indulges. His eye is dark, bright, and intellectual. Take him altogether he looks the fastidious courtier, at once pliant and disdainful, but however open to criticism, an unmistakeable gentleman.

The influence of Count Molé over the Chamber of Peers was supreme, and his influence at the Tuileries not less. When in power it took the united strength of a coalition of parties to shake him from his seat. The handle against him was

the recall of the French troops from Ancona, before the liberties of Italy were secured. Once deprived of power, the coalition broke up; Guizot parted company with Barrot, and Thiers, and Guizot fell back on their mutual suspicions and smouldering rivalry. The friends of M. Molé used to say, and perhaps believe, that with his fall went the consistency and solidity of the conservative party. One ministry came in amidst the stormy perils of an émeute, to be wrecked upon an imprudent demand for a royal dotation, of which they disapproved. Another ministry was confounded by the earlier treaty of July, 1840, which placed France in a state of isolation and led to the ruinous armaments and fortifications, that so fatally deranged her finances. At length the monarchy itself slipped through the fingers of the foremost of Molé's opponents in the great coalition, while under his eyes was Odilon Barrot, floundering in the snare into which he had fallen. M. Molé may comfort himself by saying, only for that unprincipled coalition all this might not have happened—or he may say, that had he been in power he might not have been able to resist the seductive manners and great will of the greatest sufferer of them all. What may be his future views can only be matter of surmise—but there he was, the most active and busy man in the As-

sembly, and it may be suspected that he was so in order to gratify the prevailing motive of his whole life—the restoration and consolidation of order. He did not abandon ease for the constant labour of not only attending the Assembly but the harder toils of parliamentary committees, and parliamentary clubs, negotiations with this party and that leader—and all for the mere sake of political vanity. Before the Monarchy fell, it had been for some time notorious that Count Molé and M. Thiers were on the best terms, and several times it had been rumoured that they were both about to take office together. So formidable a combination may have had the unfortunate effect of disturbing the equanimity of rivals in office, and of inducing too much subserviency to a master who was well skilled in playing off the passions of men against each other. A visit of M. Molé to court—a well attended reception of the statesman's salon—a day passed by the British Ambassador at Champlatreux—a smart speech in the Chamber of Peers, would, any one of them, give rise to speculations in the political world, such as only a political star of the first magnitude excites.

Let us now divert our eye from a man, against whom there was once a fatal coalition of all parties, towards one in whose favour there has

been an enduring combination — one indeed so rare, as to present a phenomenon in its way. Marshal Bugeaud is the spoiled child of fortune. He is great in spite of himself, nay he is great in consequence of acts, that would, taken singly, have overwhelmed another man with unpopularity. The Legitimists identified him with the imprisonment of the Duchess of Berry, at Blaye. The Republicans connected him with some severe repression of troubles, and thought of the terrible *sang froid* with which he appeared in the Chamber before Dulong, whom he had shot in a duel, had been laid in his grave. The army reproached him with his treaty of Tafna, made with Abd-el Kader, by which the subtle Emir was enabled to gain time, recruit his strength, and lead the best Generals of France a ten years' chase. No Government could ensure his obedience, and even towards the Court, he was unruly. He planned and ordered the inconceivable iniquity of the suffocation of a tribe, men, women, children, with horses, and cattle, in the caverns of the Dahra. When finally recalled, he, contrary to orders, and to the express wishes of his Government, marched an army into the mountains of Kabylia, where dwelt a mercantile trading community,—like all such disposed to avoid war,—and then he wantonly, and without political necessity, or serious object, burned,

wasted, and ravaged the district. Yet this man, the torment of Marshal Soult, the restive servant of the Court, the plague of every Government, a grotesque and comical pamphleteer, has throughout all changes, found himself the petted, flattered, pampered idol of all parties. For his Government of a province, in which he never fought a battle, he was created a Marshal of France, for a battle on the borders of Morocco, with wild irregular Moorish horsemen, who could not approach infantry in squares, he was made a Duke. By the Court his eccentricities were forgiven, because he was the selected sword of an expected Regency. He was called upon at the twelfth hour to fulfil the implied engagement, and perhaps he would have fulfilled it had he been allowed. The Provisional Government had hardly been installed, when Marshal Bugeaud offered it his adhesion. Within half a year, we behold him a member of the National Assembly, courted and complimented by the right benches, the champion of the middle classes; and he is now under the Republic, Commander in Chief of the titular army of the Alps. Marching from town to town, proclaiming himself the shield of society,—allowing it to be reasonably suspected that he would desire above all things, to find a Milan in the faubourgs of the Metropolis.

The Legitimists have forgiven him Blaye; the Orleanists his hasty allegiance to the Republic, none think, for no one ever did think, of reproaching him with the Dahra massacre, and his making a Palatinate of Kabylia. The strange favour bestowed on such a man, was not honorable to the Monarchy. It does not now speak well for the moral feelings of parties. The Marshal never, it is true, could be accused of subserviency; on the contrary, he was remarkable for a rude independent audacity. Would he have acted so, did he not know that he was wanted? He understood that service would be expected from him, such as he was capable of fulfilling with terrible fidelity. Backed by Court favour, of the steadfastness of which he had no reason to doubt, he cared little for the orders of superiors, and by his assumed independence gratified his vanity. That which is surprising is, that this man should be above all the hero of the middle classes. The National Guard have unbounded confidence in him. He is to those guardians of society menaced by the Socialist, that which he was to the Court menaced by the Republicans. He speaks much, and writes much, professes to be an agriculturist, as well as a warrior. He is a William Cobbett in his farm, a Duke of Alba in the field. Full of external bonhommie, but with a heart of steel. In person he

is large and coarse, yet his silver hair and ruddy complexion please the eye, and in some degree explain his personal attractiveness. No man with the same homely good look, ever executed hardier acts. Blaye was a more objectionable duty than St. Helena, and the erudite pages of Sismondi, have to be searched for a *pendant* to the Dahra.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PROMULGATION OF THE CONSTITUTION—GENERAL CAVAIGNAC —ELECTION FOR FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

On the evening of the 4th November the cannon of the Invalids startled the citizens of Paris. After a moment of panic it was understood that there was no insurrection, and the guns which recalled the gloomy impressions of June were now pealing a welcome to the Constitution, which had been passed by a majority of 739 to 30.

After the motion of the grave M. Dufaure, it had furthermore been decreed that the Constitution should be inaugurated by a fête in the Place de la Concorde, and Sunday, the 12th, was fixed for the ceremonial. The day proved most unpropitious; the very perfection of November weather—atmosphere sad and heavy, rain mingled

with snow-flakes, melting as they fell; nor did popular enthusiasm make up for the depressing effects of the elements. The people showed indifference. There was no spontaneous procession, or delegation, or illumination. The ceremony passed according to the official programme, and there was an end of it. Inferences enough were drawn from this manifestation of popular apathy, the most moderate of which was that the Revolution had produced disappointment.

The candidates for the Presidency of the Republic were now fairly in the field. A little time showed that there were only two who could dispute the great prize—General Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The first had all the claims desirable from proved personal merit and eminent services afforded to his country. The other bore a great name; and, if he had committed great faults, he had paid the atonement of great sufferings, which he had patiently borne and ennobled by study.

Within the five months that General Cavaignac governed France he had given proofs of every qualification necessary to the head of a popularly ruled state but one—eloquence in the highest sense of the word. The jealousy and enmity of a clique broke out in the nick of time, and afforded him the opportunity of making a great speech. It

reached the ears of General Cavaignac that some members of the Government, which had been cashiered by the Assembly in June, the second day of the Insurrection, were preparing a sort of literary infernal machine which would blow his reputation to pieces. The chief agent in the plot was M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, a gentleman who enjoyed some reputation as one of the professors at the Sorbonne. M. St. Hilaire had prepared a history of the Insurrection, the object of which was to show, partly through insinuation and partly through direct charges, that the insurrection had been owing, in the first instance, to the wilful neglect of precaution on the part of the minister of war, namely, Cavaignac, and that its protraction with the consequent sacrifices of life, might be attributed to his military incapacity.

General Cavaignac determined that the charges prepared against him, notoriously by members of the Assembly, should be openly preferred in the Assembly, and Professor St. Hilaire had the honor of reviving the Greek custom of reading his history in public, but alas! he won no crown, gained no applause, and carried off no prize.

The charges as recapitulated by the accused General himself were: That he had neglected the orders given him to have a sufficient number of troops in Paris; that he had not followed the

instructions addressed to him in writing the night preceding the insurrection, and which, if executed, would have prevented the outbreak. That his general system of defence was defective; that he had no artillery at hand, and could only procure it with great difficulty from Vincennes; and that, in fact, the leading motive of his conduct was to bring about that which actually took place, in respect to himself, his elevation to the dictatorship.

The history which has already been given in the course of this work of that terrible insurrection, precludes the necessity of going through the details of the General's celebrated defence. In general terms, it may be said that he proved that he had assembled in the neighbourhood of Paris the troops ordered by the Executive Commissioner of Government; that he never disobeyed any order; that his plan of defence had been arranged beforehand, with the concurrence of two of the ablest generals of the day; while as to his manœuvres to have himself made dictator, he disproved the charge completely.

What we have to do here is to note the effect produced by this speech. It was immense. Hitherto the qualities attributed to Cavaignac were good sense and good intentions. He had come before the world an almost unknown man. He had never held a chief command in Algeria before February,

but as Colonel and then Brigadier Cavaignac; he had been esteemed as a highly meritorious officer. He was a man who never sought to push himself into notice or to attract attention to his acts. He drew up a report once of an affair in which he had been severely wounded, without mentioning his wound. Appointed Governor of Algeria by the Provisional Government, he set at once about his duties, and it was remarked that the first paper which he issued on his appointment was of a singularly superior kind. Called home to take the post of minister of war, he applied himself to the duties of his department as if he had no other object to attend to. He sought not to attract attention to himself by speeches, and he dreamed not of intrigues. When, to his clear judgment, a battle was impending, he prepared to meet it; when it came, he mounted his horse and inspected the barricades with that concentrated intensity of purpose which would not allow him to ward off the balls flying about his head.

Elevated to the head of the government, he applied himself to the study of foreign affairs, and having satisfied his mind that peace was for the interests of France, he determined that no earthly consideration should induce him to entangle the country in a war, so long as her honor was not affected. Taking the lead in every debate, he

never said a word more than was essential for the purpose of making known the views of government. Nor would he have spoken at all if he did not deem it to be his duty to accept, frankly, the burthen that had been placed on his shoulders. Regarding situations exactly as they were, he recognised that pending the proposition of the constitution his government was only provisional; that the Assembly was master, and that he should, as in duty bound, execute the wishes of the Assembly so long as he held its confidence.

When the Red Republic was refuted, he parted company with Red Republicans; and when Conservative principles were shown to be those of the parliament and of the country, he opened places in his Cabinet to Conservative members; and all this he did without the sacrifice of the great principle of Republican government.

It is told of him that when once asked by his superior if he would draw his sword against Republicans, he answered no, and resigned. His superior esteemed him so much that he made him withdraw his resignation.

As a statesman, he acted on the same principle. The Assembly commanded his obedience so long as he could obey with honour. For the Republic he would fight to the death: such was Cavaignac, such his singleness of view and purpose: never

seeking to do more than the necessities of the moment required, and then performing his immediate duty with masterly power and entire self-devotion.

Challenged at length to make a defence of his general conduct—he set about his task, as an advocate would have done, and delivered such a speech as the most eloquent speaker at the bar could not probably have surpassed. The gracefuless of his delivery was not less remarkable than the method of his arrangement. His readiness and repartee were not less lively and sparkling than the clearness of his statement and the cogency of his argument. The whole was set off with a high bred courtesy, that savoured of the court more than the camp, while delicate irony stood in the place of invective.

The election of General Cavaignac to the Presidency of the Republic was by his partisans deemed secure. The incarnate expression of the Republic had arisen. The man had been found whom no situation had taken by surprize; and as all situations had been met and filled with perfect ability, the measure of such a man's capacity could not even yet be said to have been reached. New trials were before the Republic, and there was the man, who, holding a true straightforward course, and taking things as he found them, could

yet adapt himself to an encounter with any difficulty with marvellous plasticity. The eloquent oration threw back a blaze on previous acts; nor was it a manifestation of power artfully concealed until the critical moment for sake of a dazzling surprise: so reasoned his friends, and so thought just men, who tried to spell the design of Providence in allowing great and perplexing changes.

For a moment parties opposed to the Republic seemed confounded; but they quickly rallied, and with the perverse sophistry of party, next drew reasons from the versatile talent of the man for renewed efforts against him. It was whispered that until the moment when he was stung into putting forth his powers, he had cunningly veiled them; his modesty, reserve, and professions in favour of order, although professions authenticated by acts, were merely put on until his enemies deceived by an appearance of limited ability, and the timid entrapped by the hope of protection through his firm probity, and the constitutionist attracted by his apparent readiness to lean on the moderate for advice, should combine to place him at the head of the state—and then away would fly the mask—down would go the legal crutches, and out would fly the sword beneath the banner of the Red Republic. "There is more in that man than we know," became the watch-word of party.

Besides those who conscientiously apprehended that a moderate Republic was not possible, there were others who did not desire to see a Republic, even if moderate, consolidated. In the eyes of such persons the virtues of Cavaignac told against him.

If any man could consolidate a Republic in France, he was that man. In look—in manner—in conduct, he was the *beau ideal* of the Republican; not of the sans culotte school, but the patrician Republican of Rome. At the prime of life—tall, well-formed, and dignified; with the proud head of a Coriolanus, and the sensibility of the stoical Brutus. His quickness to feel suspicion or slight, explains why he shunned occasions for display. This characteristic quality explains too, his tenure of office in times so difficult for his readiness to resign power secured power in his hands; and it furthermore explains why he is not now President of the Republic; for the unwillingness to be supposed desirous of postponing the election that he might cling as long as possible to place, precipitated the victory of his rival. Thus, brave, proud, sensitive, dignified, able, and unostentatious; full of republican zeal, and yet anxious for the maintenance of all social rights, as consecrated by the sentiments, habits, religion, and laws of society; a moral and

military disciplinarian; it would seem as if Providence had sent the right man at the right time to the French people, and they rejected him. Rejecting, they revered and esteemed him; wherefore, there can be but one answer, "they did not want the Republic."

A few days previous to the election, a circumstance of an unfortunate description occurred, of which the enemies of General Cavaignac were enabled to take advantage. Among the many strange acts of the Provisional Government was the preparation of a pension list for suffering political offenders. The strangeness was not in the principle of such a measure; but in the classification of worthy sufferers. The family of Fieschi were set down for pensions. The relations of Lecomte, who fired a blunderbuss into the *char-à-banc*, where were seated the family of Louis-Philippe; these relations of the regicide had their claims acknowledged, although Lecomte had not even the palliative in republican eyes of fanaticism; for his sole motive was revenge, because he had been dismissed from his situation of wood-ranger. In fine, a pack of villains were placed on this pension list, whose names figured by the side of some other names of character.

The report of the Provisional Government was probably forgotten. It passed into the hands of

M. Senard, when that gentleman became Minister of the Interior, who simply looking at the decree without, it is charitably to be presumed, examining the appended lists, presented it to General Cavaignac for signature. The decree thus signed lay by until M. Dufaure became minister; and M. Dufaure without undoing the parcel, sent it to some committee, and there the discovery was made. The signature of General Cavaignac was held to make him answerable for intentions of which he was completely ignorant. Admitting this, it was yet with some reason said, "behold republican morality," and the Republic in its abstract character was stained with the exposure. Events which occurred at Rome a little previously, were not without influence upon the election for presidency.

The prime minister of the Pope, Count Rossi, was assassinated on the fifteenth of November, at the moment he was entering the chamber of Representatives. Very terrible and disgraceful scenes followed.—The Pope's secretary, a Cardinal, had been killed; and the Pope himself was in danger. As soon as information of these events reached the French Government, General Cavaignac promptly resolved to offer the assistance of France to the head of the Catholic Church; a special envoy was at once dispatched to his Holiness, and a brigade of troops ordered to embark for Civita

Vecchia. In the mean time the Pope had taken refuge in the kingdom of Naples, and the proffered aid became unneccessary. Count de Montalambert, the organ of the Catholic body, publicly thanked General Cavaignac in the Assembly, and then canvassed against him. The man was respected; but the Republic incurred fresh odium, for the excesses of Roman demagogueism. With Cavaignac the case of Republicanism was identified, and he who struck down demagogueism with his sword, paid the penalties of its extravagance under all forms, and in no matter what country.

The election day arrived. The weather was of extraordinary fineness and beauty, for the season; the animal spirits of the people rose cheerfully. The name of Napoleon proved a charm for the peasantry, who marched to the polling places with outspread banners. In the leading towns Cavaignac was well supported; but the farmers and peasantry voted *en masse* for the heir of the Emperor. It was calculated that it would take a fortnight at least to examine the votes; but the result was not doubtful from the first hour. Conjectures of an injurious character to the head of the state, were hazarded by people who did not know the man; but an opportunity was soon afforded for demonstrating their unworthiness. General Cavaignac

was besieged with entreaties, under every possible form, to grant an amnesty to the prisoners who were paying the penalty of their crimes against society, in June. Prayers were addressed to him in private—no means calculated to excite his pride, to pique his vanity, to tempt his love of popularity, to open prospects of a new party leadership, were withheld; such entreaties failing. Motions were made in the Assembly, and had he consented to act merely a passive part, the amnesty had been voted. He resolved to resign his authority in all its plenitude to his successor, and even to afford him the advantages of an act of grace, should policy warrant its performance.

On the evening of the 20th of December, an unusual movement was observed in Paris. Troops appearing in all directions were seen converging to one point—the National Assembly. The Place de la Concorde, the quays, the avenues to the Assembly, bristled with bayonets, and were animated by cavalry. It had been resolved upon, suddenly to proclaim the President of the Republic, without waiting until all the votes had been counted. The reason assigned for this step, was to defeat, by anticipation, the suspected designs of a party, to carry Louis Napoleon from the Assembly to the Tuileries, and there abrogate the oath to the Republic, by proclaiming him Emperor.

Within the Assembly there was no less surprise than without. The public in the galleries were amazed and delighted, when an uninteresting discussion about the printing of the debates was interrupted, to allow of a ceremonial being performed, destined to become a page in history. On the invitation of the President of the Assembly, M. Waldeck Rousseau ascended the tribune, and read the report of the Committee, stating that so far as their inquiries had proceeded, it appeared that 7,327,345 had been ascertained, and were divided as follows :—

The Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte obtained - - -	5,434,226
The Citizen Cavaignac - -	1,448,107
The Citizen Ledru-Rollin - -	370,119
The Citizen Raspail - -	36,920
The Citizen Lamartine - -	17,910

General Cavaignac rose, and without preface, handed in the resignation of ministers, adding simply, "I come also to resign into the hands of the Assembly the power with which it was good enough to invest me. The Assembly will comprehend much better than I can express, the sentiments of gratitude that its confidence and kindness have ineffaceably engraved on my memory." A burst of enthusiastic plaudits ac-

companied the gallant General to his seat. The successful candidate was then proclaimed President of the Republic, and after a short address, delivered with fervour, an address conceived in most unostentatious language and breathing of peace and concord, Louis Napoleon descended from the tribune and walked to the place where sat his honoured rival, whose hand he respectfully took and pressed amidst renewed applause. The Assembly needed no fresh proof of the magnanimity of Cavaignac; but the behaviour of Louis Napoleon, at this, the first hour of his trial, produced a most favourable impression, and tended to remove many prejudices. In a few minutes after, the President of the Republic left the Assembly, in company with his Prime Minister, Odilon Barrot.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIRST CABINET UNDER LOUIS NAPOLEON—M. DE MALEVILLE, HIS SUCCESSFUL DEBUT, AND IMMEDIATE RETIREMENT—CHANGES—M. PASSY.

THE composition of the Cabinet appeared the next day in the *Moniteur*. In old times it would have been called a coalition ministry; at present it was entitled a conciliation one. Odilon Barrot took the comparatively subordinate post of Minister of Justice. His so doing was not without significance. The magistracy had been disorganized, the administration of justice had been lax; the Prime Minister, in placing himself at the head of the law, implied that his first business would be to set the disjointed frame-work of society aright. The foreign affairs

were entrusted to M. Drouyn de l'Huys, a gentleman who had proved the independence of his spirit by opposing a former administration, and forfeiting in consequence the direction of the commercial department of the Foreign Office. His demeanour was in accordance with his character, being that of a frank, courageous, intelligent man. The war department was assigned to General Ruilhière, who under the monarchy was reckoned a Conservative. To the mild and humane de Tracy was given the Marine. M. Léon de Maleville and M. Léon Faucher took, the first the Ministry of the Interior, the latter the Department of Public Works. M. Bixio, a Republican *de la veille*, was made Minister of Commerce. M. de Falloux, Minister of Public Instruction and Religion; and to M. Passy was confided that most important post, the Minister of Finance.

One of the first acts of the Cabinet marked in a way not to be mistaken its determination to deal vigorously with factions, should they renew their armed attempts against society. General Changarnier, already Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of Paris, was appointed commander of the first military division, embracing the garrison of Paris. This was an immense concentration of power in the hands of one man. Many objections were urged against it, but they were overborne by

the consideration that such unity of action in the hands of so able and intelligent a General, would enable him to provide so rapidly against factious manœuvres, that they would be paralysed at once. The first trial of strength between the Cabinet and the Opposition was on this subject:— The day after Christmas, M. Ledru-Rollin vigorously attacked the Government for an appointment which he argued, book in hand, to be illegal and unconstitutional. Odilon Barrot, hampered by his scrupulous respect for law, made so qualified a defence, as to encourage his adversary to come a second time to the charge; but the latter was now to encounter a new antagonist. M. Léon de Maleville had not, until he was appointed minister, taken any part in public discussion, although in the old Chamber of Deputies he had signalized himself by his easy wit and lively elocution.

A few friends of M. Thiers seemed to have entered into some compact, either not to hazard the rudeness to which their chief had exposed himself, or by silence to mark their disdain. By the side of de Maleville sat the philosophic Charles de Remusat, a mute but watchful observer, keeping as clear from intrigues as he did from the tribune. Remusat would not take office; Maleville did; and his first appearance, coming after the

leader of the Mountain, was watched with curiosity. The two men bore a certain resemblance to each other, so much so, that on the breaking out of the June insurrection, and at a moment when the National Guards were incensed against Ledru-Rollin, whom they suspected of treason, de Maleville had been set upon by a group of this civic corps, he having been mistaken for the burly member of the Executive Commission.

Alike as the two men were in size and appearance, de Maleville had the advantage of possessing an ample fund of happy turns of expression, which used to be so characteristically French, and which is every day becoming more rare. Few of the best leading men are able to season their discourse with wit—Ledru-Rollin not at all. When de Maleville opened a new and unaccustomed fire of pungent pleasantries upon his violent yet solemn adversary, and raised a roar of laughter which pursued him up the Mountain, the discomfiture was so evident, that the battle was already won. "I am happy," began de Maleville, "to hear the Minister of the Interior of the Provisional Government evince such scruples on the score of legality."

The recollection of the outrageous violations of law achieved by Ledru-Rollin, contrasted with the two speeches he had last delivered, when put so neatly before the Assembly, told very happily.

"I am yet more pleased to find how little taste he has for unlimited powers." The commissaries of Ledru-Rollin, armed "with unlimited powers," being thus brought to mind, caused the satirical laughter to be renewed; and when with a courteous but humorous bow the minister congratulated his adversary on his improved constitutional manners, the Assembly backed the sarcasm with its applause.

The Cabinet had started off well. A match was found for the affected successor of Danton. The lion's skin had been torn off his shoulders. He was but a sham Danton, and his roarings thenceforward would have only brought back the "countryman with his cudgel." To the surprise and concern of the public, it was learned that on the day after his triumph, M. de Maleville had thrown up office, in consequence of a personal dispute with the President of the Republic about the surrender of some records, which the latter deemed injurious to his feelings, but which the former did not feel himself authorized to surrender. With M. de Maleville, the representative of the Republican party in the Cabinet, M. Bixio, withdrew. M. Faucher was raised to the Ministry of the Interior, M. Lacrosse took M. Faucher's portfolio of Public Works, and M. Buffet succeeded M. Bixio.

The effect of this change was not agreeable to the public.

There were but two men of commanding reputation in the Cabinet, Odilon Barrot and Hyppolyte Passy. The others were certainly able and honourable men; but their merits remained to be proved. They had not even made distinguished figures in Parliament, much less held the reins of Government. It was known too, indeed it could not be unknown, that the President of the Republic who had taken the personal friends of Molé and Thiers, and at their instigation and advice, would have much more willingly accepted the service of the chiefs than the subordinates; and a feeling of commiseration sprung up for this well-intentioned ruler, who would have surrounded himself, and did, so far as opportunity afforded, surround himself with the most eminent political guides, taken from all sections of constitutional Conservatism.

The credit of Odilon Barrot began to rise the more that his frankness and courage contrasted with the reserve manifested by others. Another blow awaited the new administration—and it was to come from the Chambers. The Minister of Finance had to grapple with enormous difficulties, owing to the embarrassed state of the Exchequer; and

yet he had hardly entered on his functions when a successful proposition to abandon a great portion of the lucrative salt tax, came to derange his calculations and perplex his plans for bringing the finances into an orderly state. Happily for the country, M. Passy remained steadfast to his post; but it became manifest to ministers that they could not hope to carry out any general scheme of policy in so unfriendly an assembly.

At this conjuncture the Republicans tendered their homage to the President, but he remained steadfast to his advisers with honourable fidelity; and by the straightforwardness of his conduct, went far to put an end to those suspicions of intrigue with which it was taken for granted the hotel of the Presidency must be filled. It was not only that the Constituent could not be reckoned upon, but it was known that the President and his Ministers were not quite agreed as to their relative position. The Ministers were imbued with the old Constitutional doctrine of sole Ministerial responsibility, while the President felt that the responsibility placed on his own shoulders, threw him into a position widely differing from that of a king, who can do no wrong. Both, however, appeared to resolve, that until a new Assembly should be got together, the consideration of all

great questions should, so far as it was possible, be placed in abeyance.

Let us direct our observation a little to M. Passy. He had served in office under the Monarchy, with M. Dufaure, and such was the close political connexion that sprung up between these two gentlemen, that the name of one could not be mentioned without that of the other suggesting itself; like qualities of mind and manners are not essential to close friendship, although the broad basis of a common principle may be. If M. Dufaure be cold and reserved, M. Passy is fresh and frank—a fine bald-headed personable gentleman. There is much difference, too, in the mental accomplishments and eloquence of each. M. Dufaure is singularly lucid but confined. M. Passy possesses, on the other hand, that great power of generalization, which is the fruit of ample reading with inward digestion, habitual reflection, and constant habit of exposition. No one can say more in a few words. Within a speech of less than half an hour, he would give a financial statement to the Opposition, that if not unanswerable, few could answer. Yet this matter of finance is not his special pursuit, for Passy is a philosophic statesman. His little *brochure* on the inequalities of wealth, written as a corrective of

those false and extravagant notions put forward by the Communists, contains within some fifty pages, more pregnant matter, easily portable to the memory of the plain inquiring mind, than could readily be found within the same space in any modern work. On this account it is much more useful than the diffuse and elaborate essay of Thiers, and reminds the reader of some of those celebrated essays, so terse, thoughtful, and weighty, which were furnished by the French writers of the seventeenth century. Thiers cannot generalize. He can analyze and deal with details, until he arrives at his conclusion as the result of the whole, instead of enabling the mind to measure the extent of a wide question by the light of a great principle or pregnant suggestion. Thiers is among political writers, that which Balzac is amongst novelists, whose descriptions have been compared to an auctioneer's inventory. Passy gives you the elixir, but spares you the details of the process. It is curious, that of the two great friends, Dufaure became the mainstay of General Cavaignac, and Passy the great bond of the first cabinet of Louis Napoleon. Had he resigned upon his defeat on the salt tax, the Ministry should have broken up. Although he resolved to present no financial measures until there should be a new Chamber, yet

his name and his presence served to revive public confidence in a remarkable degree. Such is the value of character, such the advantage of reputation.

CHAPTER XX.

MOVEMENT AGAINST THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY—PROPOSITION FOR DISSOLUTION—PIERRE BONAPARTE HEADS THE OPPOSITION—HIS EXTRAORDINARY DEMEANOUR—RESOLUTION OF ODILON BARROT—STORMY DEBATE—PARTY INTRIGUES—VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC—IMPEACHMENT OF MINISTERS—PARIS THREATENED WITH ANOTHER REVOLUTION—ASSEMBLY AT LENGTH RESOLVES ITS DISSOLUTION—GENERAL CAVAIGNAC AND GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

As a consequence of the dispositions that had been made evident by the election of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, a cry arose for the dissolution of the National Constituent Assembly. It was urged that the Assembly elected under the immediate influence of a revolution against which the country had now appeared to enter its protest, was in duty bound to retire before such a manifestation

of the popular will. It had besides accomplished its mission. The Constitution being made, the Constituent lost its title; nor could it by an effort of its own put itself in harmony with the wishes of the country or with the head of the state, now the recognized expression of those wishes. The President, by his selection of a ministry from the Conservative ranks, had himself shown in what light he regarded his own nomination. The country, by the movement which was beginning against the Assembly, whose first acts were in hostility to his Cabinet, proved on the other hand that the President was not mistaken. To have resisted such a movement would have been dangerous. Had the Constituent persisted in opposing the will of the country, the end of the Republic might have been anticipated. However loudly parties may talk, and whatever airs of dignity they may assume, they instinctively seize the true character of their position. The Constituent knew that to stand out against the country would be to make an Emperor. The question then resolved itself into the most decent manner of dying.

An obscure individual, whose name had not been heard of before, was induced "to rush in where *leaders* feared to tread," and to hazard the

delicate proposition. M. Rateau moved that the Assembly should at once settle the day of dissolution. The 12th January was fixed for taking the motion into consideration. In the mean time parties out of doors were considerably excited. The Republicans were furious, for they dreaded an election. Petitions for and against dissolution were hawked about for signature. Those in favour of dissolution outnumbered by far the others; but the Republicans gained, as they conceived, a great advantage in the person of Pierre Bonaparte. When the motion was announced from the chair, M. Deseze, a Legitimist, supported the affirmative in a temperate argumentative speech, gracefully delivered; and it was to him that Pierre Bonaparte rose to reply. Pierre is the brother of the Prince of Canino, one of the leaders of the Roman demagogues; and Pierre aspired to similar rank in Paris. The man is of violent temper, of which he gave a proof once by inflicting a wound with a knife on a person with whom he had a quarrel. He is not only violent, but in dress and appearance extremely vulgar. He usually wears a cutaway green coat, with brass buttons, and looks like a horse dealer. His broad face bears no resemblance to the Bonaparte family; but viewed in profile, the shape of

the head is like that of his more elegant cousin, the son of Jerome. Pitching his voice to a shout, he declaimed against the audacity of anti-revolutionary factions, which dared to prejudge the decision of the Assembly as to the period of its glorious mission. He protested that such a question ought not to have been allowed to be raised, and he denounced what he called the impious crusade that had been preached against the Assembly. "It is time," he cried, "to impose silence on those rebels in open revolt. Whatever decree the Assembly would choose to adopt should be religiously respected, under pain of being declared traitors to their country. Such decree would, he affirmed, be respected in the name of the democratic Republic and of the sovereign people." This speech, which the aspiring brother of Canino read, was pronounced with a dull vehemence which partook rather of an unintelligent turbulence than of impassioned conviction, but it derived a certain degree of importance from the man's position. The Mountain was in a frenzy of delight; the right benches looked astounded. Perhaps they marvelled at the happy dispensation of Providence that Pierre was not the born heir.

The debate had proceeded for some time when at length Odilon Barrot rose to state the views of

the Government. He said that however confident the Assembly might feel in its own strength, it was his profound conviction that a body which had fulfilled its mission could not prolong its existence in presence of an executive power which had sprung from a movement different from that to which the Assembly owed its own origin. There was an incompatibility between both. While such a situation lasted, it would be impossible for any ministry to take long views or attempt important reform. Not contented with mere reasoning of an abstract kind, the minister frankly ran through the impediments that had been thrown in the way of the Government. The speech was interrupted at almost each sentence; one cried that he was presenting an act of accusation against the Assembly; another gave the minister a gross contradiction. M. Portalis exclaimed, "*Allez-vous-ên,*" and this rude cry of "begone," shocked the Assembly at the time of its greatest excitement. M. Portalis had filled high legal functions under the monarchy; had in old times been a Legitimist; bore the title of Baron; turned republican, and signalizing himself by the violence of his sentiments, was made first Procureur-Général of the Republic; resigned his office in a pique; and now betrayed how completely all sense

of dignity was extinguished by this utterance of a gross insult for which he was called to order. Reduced to its simplest expression, the speech of M. Odilon Barrot amounted to this: that the Assembly had no right to sit any longer; that if it did persist in protracting the session, the ministry would not feel called upon either to submit to its decrees, or to present any law for its adoption. So bold a speech was blamed pretty generally; it brought the dispute to a crisis, and such a crisis as could only be settled by a *coup d'état* on the part of the Government, or a popular manifestation, such as could not be resisted. Would the Assembly challenge such an alternative?

The Opposition, headed by Pierre Bonaparte, tried to win over the President with the hope that he would change his Ministers and throw himself on the Republican party. An opportunity for pleasing him was afforded by the election of Vice-President of the Republic. It was well known that the Conservatives desired to have M. Vivien appointed to that high office. The sentiments of the President could only be known by the order in which he would place his three names on the list for selection by the Assembly. He placed M. Boulay de la Meurthe first, General Baraguay

d'Hilliers second, and M. Vivien last, and the majority, out of deference to the feelings of the President, returned M. Boulay, on Saturday the 20th January. As the Vice-President of the Republic is, *ex officio*, President of the Council of State, M. Vivien would, on that account, have been remarkably well fitted by his attainments for such a position. M. Boulay, a thorough Bonapartst, whose father had been greatly esteemed by the Emperor, was known favourably on account of the interest which he took in charitable institutions and the education of the people; and as it was to those points the President had indicated his intention of directing his views, the selection of M. Boulay was not ill-advised. He is a corpulent dignitary, with a pleasant, rubicund visage, and if the Republicans could only have won over so cordial and so trusted an intermediary, there might yet be an overthrow of the Barrot ministry. It would seem, however, that notwithstanding the vehemence of M. Boulay's republican professions "he loved," we fear we must alter the line, "not Rome less, but Cæsar more." A bold move was now made by the Ministers, met by a bolder one on the part of the Opposition. On the Saturday next following, a demand for the suppression of political clubs was presented by Ministers. They were defeated

on the point of urgency or priority, and M. Ledru-Rollin moved an impeachment.

The following Monday merits historical note. At an early hour in the morning the *rappel* was beaten for the National Guard to turn out, and in the course of the morning the city was occupied *militairement*, that is to say, at all the strategic points there were placed a body of troops and a company of National Guards in full fighting trim. The general emotion was extreme, the more so as no one could explain to his own satisfaction the cause for such an immense display of troops. The more general impression was, that the Government had resolved upon a *coup d'état* by a summary dismissal of the Assembly, an impression entertained by many to the present hour, and which will probably never be completely eradicated. The Assembly had not frankly and unreservedly accepted Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; it had begun by thwarting his Government, and it had received, without protest, an Act of Accusation. On the other hand, the Cabinet had, at once and at the same time, told the Assembly that its title had ceased, and pronounced the Clubs an obstacle to Government. Very specious reasons might have preceded an ordinance for the dissolution of the Constituent, yet the experiment,

unless sanctioned by the voice of the people, might have proved fatal. When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte rode out unexpectedly that morning, and presented himself in all directions, throwing himself completely unprotected into the arms of the people, the suspicion was confirmed that he sought in popular manifestations the final reason for consummating the wish of his official advisers. The Government, on the other hand, affirmed that they were in possession of a plot to renew the battle of June. An opportunity had certainly been thrown in the way of the standing staff of the Socialist conspiracy, which such astute, bold, and ready desperadoes were not likely to neglect. The term of the expiration of service of the *garde mobile* was approaching, and notwithstanding the brilliant courage exhibited by these civic troops in June, there was much reason to fear that they had been worked upon by the indefatigable agents of the clubs. They were children of Paris, who had been swept from idleness and mischief and ranged on the side of order by the decree of the Provisional Government, which, at the suggestion of M. de Lamartine, created a *garde mobile.* They were all thoroughly imbued with a republican spirit, and since the change of Government they had, many of them, been persuaded that they

were now soldiers of the *réaction*. Here then was this formidable force about to be virtually disbanded for sake of admitting of a reorganization, by which the number would have been reduced one half, the pay considerably diminished, and the new corps subjected to change of quarters,—from the pleasant pranks enjoyed in the gay and voluptuous Paris, among citizens who had assisted them, with expressions of gratitude, to, in all probability, the burning sands of Algeria.

With several thousands of well-disciplined fellows, accustomed to barricade fighting, taken from the side of Government and placed behind those impromptu fortifications, which they formerly had so successfully attacked, it is not surprising that the hopes of the clubs should have revived. The leaders had on their side the violated clubs, a large portion of the Assembly, all those who believed that the constitution had been infringed upon, with a ready army whose passions were inflamed. There was a third party which suspected that General Changarnier feigned alarm for the sake of finding a pretext for showing how complete were his own plans for taking military possession of the city, and demonstrating that he had rendered an *émeute* imposssible. It would not be

difficult to muster partisans according to these three categories; believers in a *coup d'état;* believers in an actual conspiracy; and believers in an old soldier's trick. Those disposed to believe in a conspiracy, would probably dwell on the suspicious physiognomy of the city on the Monday morning of the 29th January. They would ask who were those men in blouses, so well mounted, who were galloping here and there, and drawing up to whisper directions to pedestrians in blouses? What meant those mysterious signs of intelligence? What meant the appearance of those ill-omened faces that precede troubles as surely as the stormy petrel heralds the approaching tempest? What meant those ferocious cries and abominable chorusses, which were occasionally indulged in, redolent, as they were, of the guillotine and of pillage? The Assembly met, and so preoccupied were members with the idea of a *coup d'état,* that Odilon Barrot felt it necessary to open the day's proceedings with a speech, explaining the measures resolved upon relative to the Mobile Guard, the agitation it had caused, the hopes excited among the clubs, and the necessity for taking precautions against disturbance.

The Assembly did not part that evening, however, until, after a long discussion, it passed a vote

by which the principle of its dissolution was accepted. Thus the *coup d'état*, had such been contemplated, was averted—the impeachment was virtually killed, and a day, which at the opening presented so extraordinary an analogy to that of the morning of the 24th of February, closed with a decisive victory for the Government. Reasoning back from the advantage gained, as is habitual to the human mind, it was then said that the whole paraphernalia of the day had been gotten up to terrify the Assembly into voting its own dissolution. Recovering from its surprise, the Opposition demanded, on Saturday, the 3rd of February, that there should be a parliamentary inquiry into the circumstances connected with the military display of the previous Monday. The Minister of the Interior opposed the inquiry, and was beaten by a majority of twenty. Then was brought to the test, the question whether the Ministry would retire or not, before a vote of the Assembly. They repaired to the *Elysée Nationale*, and on consultation with the President of the Republic, it was ruled in the negative. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was therefore, with his Ministers, against the majority. The following Monday, the Minister of the Interior ascended the tribune, and laid before the Assembly, extracts from a considerable number of

reports, calculated to prove that a conspiracy had been matured, and would have broken out, with all possible accompaniments of horror, on the Monday in question, only for the timely precautions of the Government. The statement, undoubtedly produced a great impression, and General Oudinot came to the support of the Government, with an amended proposition. There had in fact been mixed up with the demand for the inquiry, an accusation against the Minister of the Interior, that he had issued an offensive circular, which in point of fact, had been forwarded under his official cover, but by an individual not connected with his office. General Oudinot, taking advantage of the Minister's apologetic explanation, moved that the Assembly, satisfied with the disavowal of the Minister, passed to the order of the day, which was carried, and the demand for a parliamentary committee of inquiry virtually fell to the ground. At length, on the 8th of February, after a long contested struggle, during which various propositions had been offered and rejected, it was settled on the motion of M. Lanjuinais, that the Assembly, as soon as it should have passed three organic laws—to wit, a law organizing the Council of State, an Electoral law, and a law regulating the powers of the Executive—would

dissolve. This resolution would, according to calculation, bring about a dissolution in May. The Opposition stipulated, that in the interval, as much time as possible should be devoted to the consideration of the financial expenditure of the country, in order that the Constituent Assembly might have, at least, the glory of endowing the country with a moderate budget, and thus relieve the people from excessive taxation. The narration of the events, connected more or less with the mysterious Monday, would not be complete, if we failed to notice an incident which deeply moved the Assembly and the public. From the moment that General Cavaignac bade adieu to power, he had ceased to take part in the debates of the Assembly, and after a little while returned to the country, to recruit his health, at all times delicate. He was nevertheless regarded with pride, by the Republican party; he was their head and chief—the man on whom their hopes settled. Had not Cavaignac arisen, that party could not have boasted the possession of a truly great and competent man.

During his absence, a legitimist newspaper—the *Union*—contained a paragraph, the sense of which was, that General Cavaignac had been tampering with the army, but that General Changarnier had

detected his projects. The public gave little attention to this loose and idle statement, yet it seemed to have produced a painful impression on the mind of the gallant General against whom it was pointed. The newspaper was supposed to be in accordance in its general principles, with those entertained by the Commander-in-Chief, and it was on account probably of this impression, that General Cavaignac took the course of bringing the matter publicly under the notice of the Government. The Minister of the Interior, unhesitatingly pronounced the calumnious article to be beneath contempt.

General Changarnier rose next. He began by declaring that he had no connexion directly or indirectly with the newspaper in question. Betraying how much his own feelings were hurt, he expressed surprise that General Cavaignac, who had long served with him, had not known him better than to have imagined that he could have been a party to such a proceeding. Never had he condescended, he said, to Police Acts, and certainly he had not troubled himself with inquiries into the details of General Cavaignac's conduct. The affair began now to take a dramatic turn. "I know that his conduct is honourable," emphatically spoke the Commander-in-Chief, on which General

Cavaignac gave a disdainful toss of his head, which evidently stung Changarnier, who drawing himself up, and directing his eye to the former, apostrophized him personally, "General it is not with the object of paying you compliments that I speak, do not repel them! We have served long enough together for me to know you, and it seems to me besides, that my testimony should not be treated with disdain. I have often had the satisfaction, and it was for me of the liveliest kind, of contributing to your advancement, and my sentiments regarding you cannot be called in question." He went on to express his surprise, that the matter had not been brought under his immediate notice, and repelled all participation in the article.

General Cavaignac replied that he was quite aware of the only answer which could have been given, but that it was essential, that the country at large should know it. The scene was, indeed remarkable. Both were proud, but the pride of Changarnier was that of a military superior, displaying habitual *hauteur*, which Cavaignac who had been his subordinate, would no longer tolerate. While the former could not divest himself of this notion of superior rank, he felt sore on another account. If Cavaignac had saved society in June,

had not he, Changarnier, saved society in April. Political Act for Political act, their merits were at least, so he might have felt, the same, and if it had been his good fortune to have been in Paris, in June, he would in all probability, have contested the supreme command. The great title of Cavaignac, was precisely that which Changarnier was the least disposed to admit.

The jealousy of French officers under Napoleon had become proverbial, and without implying that Changarnier was jealous, yet he never did exhibit that frank comrade-like spirit, which marked the intercqurse of Lamoricière and Bedeau. If not a better soldier, he was the elder. General Changarnier is one of the most distinguished officers of the Algerine army. His characteristic is intrepid coolness. No peril or difficulty can shake his judgment, or excite him. His features are small, and when he was a young man, may have been even effeminate, but there is a play of electric quickness over them, such as portraits fail to communicate. Should he be called into action against rebellion, he would be the Claverhouse of the time. His manner is facile, and ever gay. He is easy of access, and his speech is characterized by a spice of caustic humour. Yet in temper he is arbitrary, and unbending, in

the maintenance of authority. By whim, of which he possesses a good deal, he chooses to seat himself among the ultra-democrats, and not unfrequently cracks a joke at the Mountain. Having failed in their efforts to have him deprived of his united command, the Opposition refused to allow the demand for his pay. "Very well, gentlemen," pleasantly remarked Changarnier, "if it comes to blows, I must only fight you *gratis*."

The high reputation and the pleasantry of this elderly (for he is not old) soldier, did not, though such combinations usually conciliate, in the least appease the ultra-Republican representatives. The seat he had chosen was probably an additional offence. Fearing, they hated him, while their ill-conceived dislike appeared to cause him diversion, on which account they hated him the more. His grotesque pleasantry, "that it would have been as easy to make an emperor as a box of *bonbons*," was too pungent and too true to be forgiven. It was taken to express a foregone conclusion.

Never will the Republican party believe that Changarnier accepted the Republic except as a temporary necessity. The party desirous of maintaining order rely on his honour and fidelity.

Such is the man to whom the peace of Paris

was confided by Louis Napoleon, on the advice of Odilon Barrot and his Cabinet. His conduct on Monday, the 29th January, the perfection of his strategic arrangements, would alone justify the opinion entertained of his judgment and capacity.

CONCLUSION.

HAVING brought to a close these personal sketches and notes, the writer would feel it to be a misfortune if from the whole should result a conclusion derogatory to the character of political representative bodies. There has already been too much inconsiderate condemnation of popular legislative assemblies caused by the irregular efforts of Roman and Tuscan demagogues; the rash and all but fatal precipitation of the raw Parliament of Piedmont; and the crude efforts at Constitution making at Berlin and Vienna; with, to crown the whole, the mystic discussions of the German Parliament at Frankfort.

It should be recollected that if, in all these instances, there was more or less of giddiness, it was because of human infirmity not able to bear the first rays of constitutional light. In no instance has the Parliament made the revolution; on the contrary, the Parliament is born of the revolution, and if for some time the representative body betrays the violence of its origin by reprehensible conduct—yet the probability is that the first effervescence over, and as soon as the Assembly would drop under the yoke of those customary rules from which no constituted Assembly can escape;—with habits of open debate, and of private conversations and consultations leading to the formation of disciplined parties, under the irrepressible ascendancy of rising leaders of talent and of worth—the least promising Assembly would very soon put an end to anarchy, and finally establish order in connexion with liberty.

Neither the German nor the Italian Constituent Assemblies or Parliaments have had a fair trial. The Frankfort Parliament, which has been the least exposed to club excitement, demagogue tyranny, and least hampered by the control and suspicion of sovereigns, has preserved throughout a highly respectable attitude. If it has not shown

a practical spirit, it may be for the reason that the nature of its mission was such as to preclude the fair consideration of practical questions.

The French Constituent Assembly has stood in a situation different from all, and, indeed, one altogether unique and unparalleled. The club and demagogue operations, which had such free scope in other countries, were in France brought to bear upon a nation habituated to upwards of thirty years' representative government, and the consequence was such as we have seen—that there were returned to the Assembly, along with the foremost revolutionists, a fair amount of established political reputations. By degrees these reputations win their way, until eventually they command, as of old, the support of opinion out of doors.

The Constituent Assembly, although it did for some time obey the wild impulse to which it owed life, yet grew more and more sober; and while it must be acknowledged that even in its early days it rescued society from the clubs, whose irregular influence it absorbed into its own regular form, it did, ere itself decreed its dissolution, refuse to gratify factions, by involving the country in war. The country, notwithstanding the faults committed by the Assembly, owes to the latter a debt of

gratitude. It repealed, modified, or corrected, the destructive decrees of the Provisional Government, respected the rights of property, family, and religion; and while resisting wild or impracticable theories, manifested sympathy for the suffering classes, and promoted education. Nor can it with truth be said that it unsettled everything; on the contrary, finding everything unsettled, it did settle a great deal.

It will now be concluded, perhaps, that inasmuch as the Constituent Assembly elected under such circumstances, continued yet to advance so far in the track of what may, with due reference to circumstances, be comparatively called Conservatism; that the Legislative Assembly, chosen in tranquil times under the auspices of a settled Government, whose motto is order, will differ little from the old Monarchical Chamber, and restore the Monarchy. Certain it is that there is only one party which at this moment looks on the Constitution as settled, and that is the moderate Republican party, of which Cavaignac is the head, and the *National* the organ. The Red Republicans and the Socialists, forming the Mountain, are already clamouring for two fundamental changes—the removal of the President, and the *droit au travail*; and if we admit that the Bonapartists

and Monarchists have relinquished all hopes of restoring one or other of the representatives of the that they have relinquished the hope of creating a second Chamber.

Against the hopes of both, the moderate Republicans have taken every possible security. They have framed an electoral law, by which all magistrates, functionaries, and officials who are biassed in favour of old forms, are disqualified from becoming members of the Legislative Assembly. They have created a Council of State, with ample privileges of supervision over all laws and all acts of administration, and they have chosen the preponderating majority of the Members of this Council from among approved Republicans—and in so doing, they have undoubtedly built up a strong security for the Republican form.

In consequence of the disqualification created by the electoral law it will not be easy to speculate even for some time on the character of the Legislative. The Convention which made the reign of terror was composed of new men. By a decree of the previous Assembly the members from some strange notion of disinterestedness resolved that they should not seek to be returned; thus the way was opened to untried adventurers unabashed and uncontrolled by the presence of established

reputations. Similar results may not be appre- different dynasties, yet it can hardly be supposed hended now, although those who pushed for the disqualification of all public functionaries, had probably the Convention in their mind's eye, and expected at all events that the Republic would be safe in the hands of the more ardent class, for whom room has been made. Yet it seldom happens that results justify party calculations. As there are few men of independent fortune in France, and if professional men be obliged to resign their means of living, we may expect the new Assembly to be composed in part—of those who having been functionaries can, with the assistance of twenty-five francs a-day allowed to representatives, afford to give up employment; of manufacturers and men of independent estate; and of small landed proprietors, with the usual infusion of doctors and advocates. The three first categories would be conservative—but it may be open to conjecture whether the mass of small landed proprietors, likely to make the majority, will not lean to the Empire. If this conjecture should prove correct, the caution taken by the Republicans through their system of disqualification, would serve a very opposite purpose to that which they had in view. Formerly the influence exercised

by the capital over the provinces was such that the latter did not dare to dispute its supremacy. Now it is not so. The Revolution of February has given a deep stab to the system of centralization. The provincial councils instead of meeting to talk of roads, schools, and infirmaries, assemble now to consider what measures of defence might be necessary in case of a Red Republican revolution, and whether a march of the departments on Paris might not be advisable for the sake of bringing its corrupt population to reason.

It is a curious phenomenon in the history of French parties, that the attention of all should be turned towards home. Foreign politics, that used to possess exclusive fascination, have lost their savour. It is not that ambition is dead, that the military passion is extinct, that the desire for exercising sway over the continent is subdued, but that society is itself in peril; and until the peril be allayed, France must look to herself. The cancer of Communism is at her heart, nor is it a complaint of yesterday, it is one of old standing. It was planted by the Encyclopædists of the eighteenth century. The doctrine, which denying a Divine Providence, and as a consequence, the whole code of morals based on Revolution, did indeed lay the root of Communism, which is Mate-

rialism. pushed to its extreme consequences. Emancipated from all received traditions, rules, laws, and social ties, every quack deems himself at liberty to create a new world, admitting with becoming candour, that chaos must precede form and order. It is by the use of this fearful analogy that he justifies to himself, the terrible ruin which must be the preliminary to his work. Through some such stage of mind as this, the French youth must go. In other countries the moral meazles may take other forms, but in France the romance of teenship is desperately destructive. The plodding professors of more advanced years have an army of allies of a formidable character. It is the conviction with which the Conservative classes are impressed, that the evil lies too deep to be cured by any mere form of political institutions, that the Republic is not threatened with any active combination against it. Political faith is very weak; the majority would put up with any *régime* that would maintain tranquillity. The activity of the Socialists will not allow such passiveness to exist, and their conspiracies will drive the orderly disposed into the adoption of stronger measures of protection. Only for the newly awakened enthusiasm in the provinces, the chances for a restoration of the elder dynasty would have been very great.

The middle classes in the towns would prefer the Orleans' dynasty, and until the magic name of Napoleon had been pronounced, a fusion of dynastic interests appeared advisable, and of no difficult accomplishment. The middle classes do not relish the idea of a restoration of an elder branch, with which they associate Aristocracy and Jesuitism; but they might have been brought to accept a compromise, which would open the prospect of a return of the Orleanists, which was emphatically a *bourgeois* dynasty. Louis Napoleon, whether by taste or policy, has turned towards the *bourgeoisie*. His Prime Minister is the political disciple and successor of Lafayette. Thus with the peasantry and small proprietary at his back, with the clergy by no means hostile, he turns to the *bourgeoisie*: should he succeed in winning over this powerful class, he would combine the partisans of both branches. The *bourgeoisie* will not, however, be easily made to forget the position they enjoyed under Louis-Philippe. They will be the less disposed to forget it on account of the injuries they are enduring at the hands of the Socialists, while they are so feebly defended by the Republicans. With the shopkeepers and merchants and manufacturers, the Duchess of Orleans and the Prince de Joinville are as popular as is

the Duke of Bordeaux in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Louis Napoleon cannot be said to have sure footing in the metropolis. His prospects must then depend upon the composition of the Assembly that shall be returned by the provinces. The majority will be, in all probability, Bonapartists; but what will the leaders be? This majority will be composed, perhaps, of men unaccustomed to public life. Some Bonapartist leader of genius and eloquence may spring up, but at present we see no such man. For a while, then, it would seem as if all parties should be forced to observe an expectant position. Monarchists, Bonapartists, and even Republicans, will fear to stir least they should make an opening for the watchful Socialists. A rash move on the part of the latter would, should a second June be occasioned, precipitate a decision in the Monarchical or Bonapartist sense. It would seem then that those who expect very prompt reactionary movements on the part of the new Assembly, may be disappointed; and yet the rapidity with which a movement, when once set in motion extends, so as to embrace all classes before they have time to reflect, is one of those traits of the Gallic temperament that prohibits prognostication. It may, however, be surmised,

that the disposition and tendencies of the Assembly will be checked by the mutual distrusts of parties, the temper of the metropolis, and the views of leading statesmen.

THE END.

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